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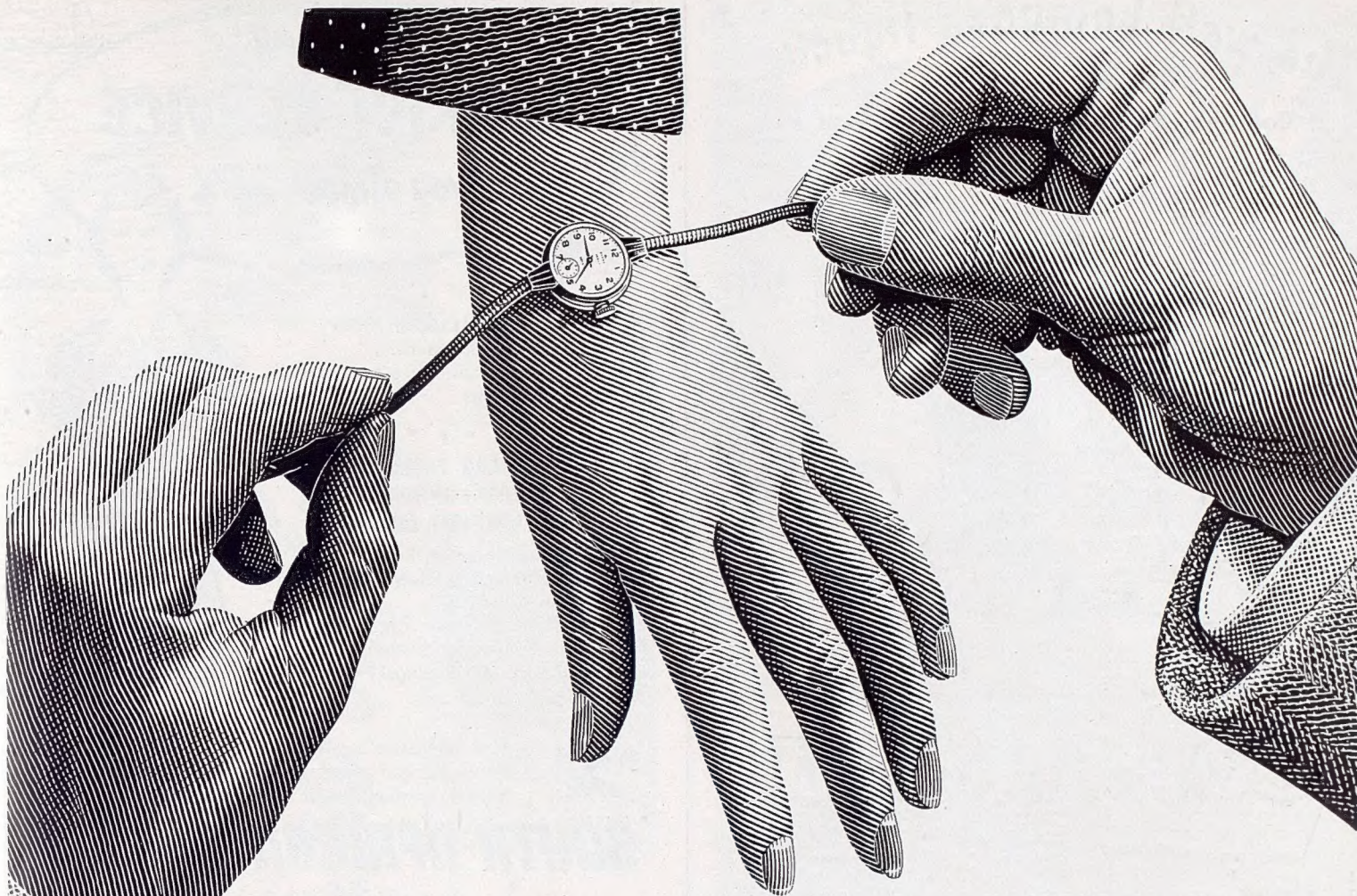
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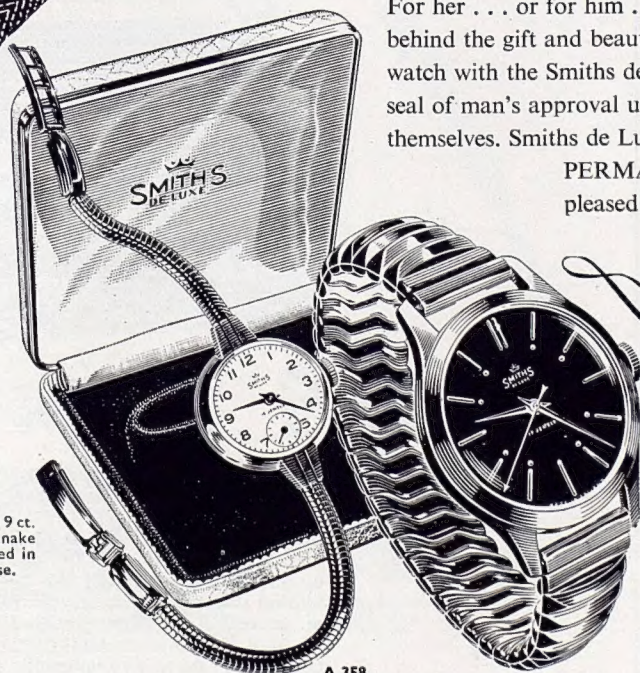


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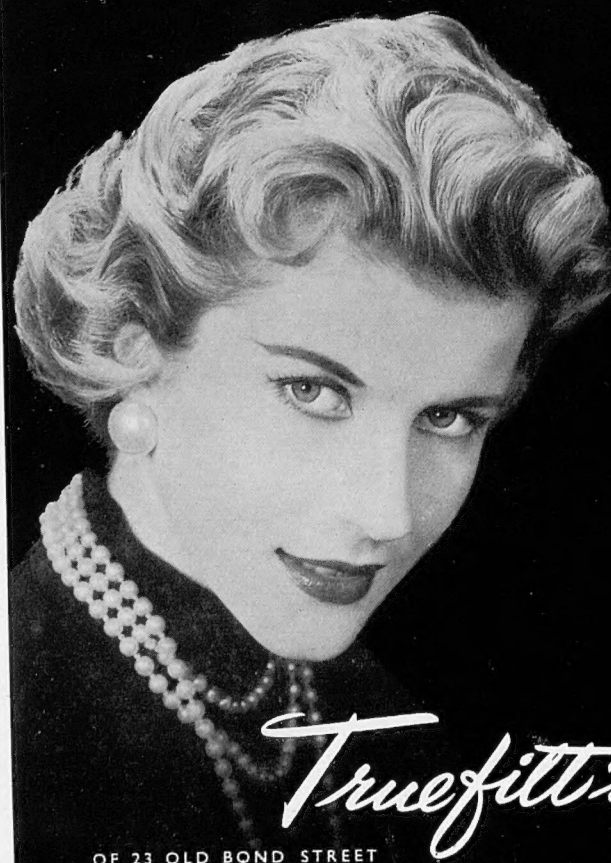
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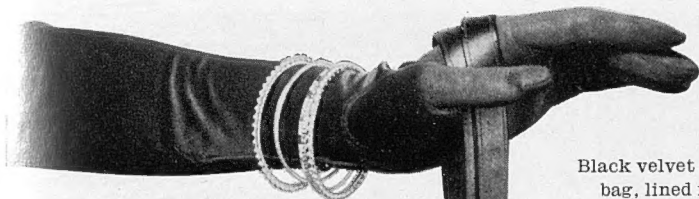


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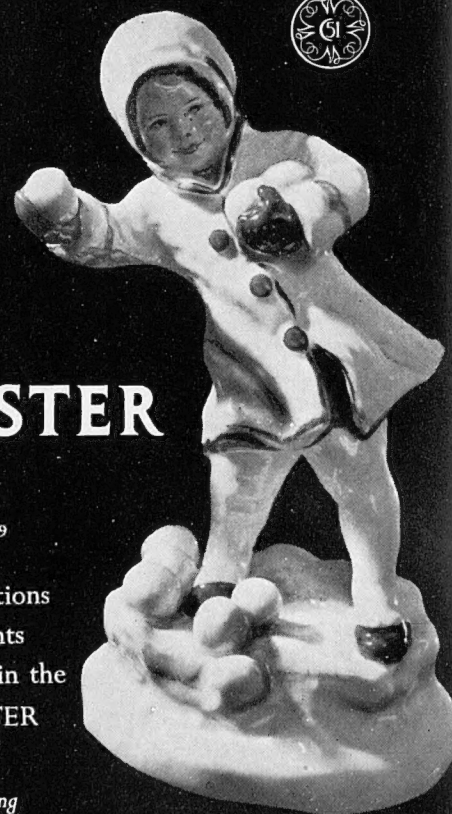
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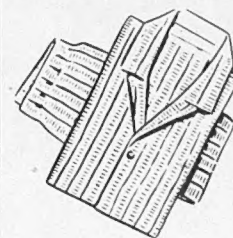
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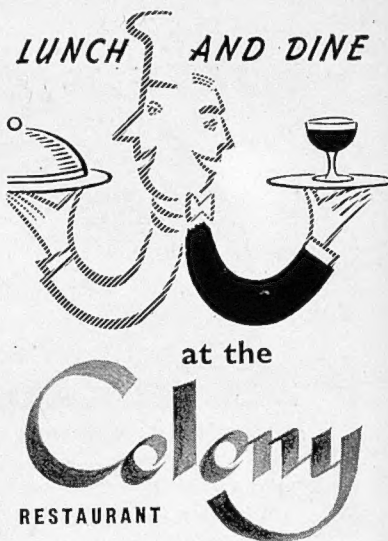


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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 16 to November 23



Barry Swaabe
LADY HONOR LLEWELLYN, subject of our cover picture, was photographed in the drawing-room of her attractive Georgian house in St. John's Wood. Wife of Major Rhidian Llewellyn, M.C., Welsh Guards, she is the second daughter of the Earl of Lisburne. Her husband, who is a brother of Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Bt., is Deputy Assistant Military Secretary of the Major-General i/c Household Brigade. Major Rhidian and his wife are both keen horticulturists and laid out their own garden. They specialize in roses and had a wonderful display this summer. Lady Honor also paints landscapes

Nov. 16 (Wed.) Prince Philip attends the premiere of the film *Cockleshell Heroes* in aid of the Royal Marines Association, at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square.

Princess Margaret attends a cocktail party given by the Young Contingent of the Victoria League, of which she is President, at the Victoria League House.

Princess Marie Louise opens the Bazaar to be held, with the Queen's permission, in the State Apartments of St. James's Palace in aid of the Navy League's Diamond Jubilee (two days).

Racing at Plumpton.

Nov. 17 (Thurs.) Prince Philip attends a luncheon of the Airbrokers at Vintner's Hall, and the annual dinner of the Royal Motor Yacht Club at the May Fair Hotel.

Anglo-Belgian Union dinner dance, at Claridge's.

St. Mark's Ball, in aid of St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, at Londonderry House.

Racing at Stratford-on-Avon and Wincanton.

Nov. 18 (Fri.) The Queen visits the Imperial Defence College.

British Mexican Society dinner at the House of Commons.

Racing at Doncaster (two days) and Sandown Park (two days).

Nov. 19 (Sat.) Pilot Club Annual Fair, in aid of Residential Clubs, at Leighton House, Holland Park, W.8.

Annual Exhibition, Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the R.P. Galleries until Dec. 23

Racing at Warwick.

Nov. 20 (Sun.)

Nov. 21 (Mon.) The Queen attends a Royal Concert in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, at the Royal Festival Hall.

Prince Philip attends the British Olympic Association's Banquet, at Grosvenor House. Anglo-Brazilian dinner dance at the Dorchester.

Racing at Wolverhampton (two days).

Nov. 22 (Tues.) The Red Cross Ball, in aid of the County of London Branch, at the Dorchester. King George's VI's Fund for Sailors Ball, at Liverpool.

Nov. 23 (Wed.) First nights of *The Old Farm* at the New Watergate and *Listen To The Wind* at The Arts, with music and lyrics by Vivian Ellis.

Christmas Cracker Bazaar at 45 Park Lane.

Racing at Kempton Park (two days).

Association Football: Wales v. Austria, at Wrexham, Wales.

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Clayton Evans

Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn's youngest son christened

THE Hon. David Seymour Hicks-Beach, the five-month-old son of the Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, is seen here in the arms of his mother. With them are the two elder sons, The Hon. Peter Hicks-Beach, aged three, and Viscount Quenington, five years old. This photograph was taken at the family

home, Williamstrip Park, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, after the ceremony at Coln St. Aldwyn's parish church, which was performed by Bishop Woodward. Among the child's godparents were Earl Fortescue, Cdr. Sir Hugh Dawson, Bt., Mrs. Anthony Belville and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and Mr. W. W. Hicks-Beach, M.P.

A BRIDE OF LAST SUMMER

LADY ANGELA WHITELEY is the wife of Mr. Peter Whiteley, son of the late Brig. J. P. Whiteley, M.P. for Buckingham, and Mrs. Whiteley, of Mixbury Hall, Brackley, Northants. Mr. Whiteley was for two years Master of the Bicester Hounds. Lady Angela is a sister of the 9th Earl of Guilford and a daughter of the late Lord North, and of Mrs. Harman Hunt, of Waldershare Park, Dover. Mr. and Lady Angela Whiteley, who were married in July, live in Eaton Place



F. J. Goodman

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE QUEEN AT FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE

ONE of the most impressive ceremonies that I have ever attended was the British Legion's Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall. Every seat in the vast hall was filled for this ceremony which takes place each year on the eve of Remembrance Sunday. When Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and their elder son, Prince William, who was on long leave from Eton, entered the Royal Box, the arena was already full.

It was a colourful scene—the blue and gold standards of the Legion stood out behind the bandstand in the centre of which was a brilliant splash of colour from the scarlet tunics of the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards. Grouped around them were the uniforms worn by the representatives of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, the Army, the Royal Air Force, the Merchant Navy, the Home Guard and Pensioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Detachments of the women's services were also represented including the nursing services. These contingents had all marched with quiet precision in the beam of the spotlights from

various entrances of the hall, and took up their allotted seats around the massed bands.

As the Royal party entered there was a fanfare of trumpets played by trumpeters of the Household Cavalry in their heavily gold-braided uniform. We then watched excellent displays given by the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force. A short interlude of community singing followed. Next the Lord Bishop of Birmingham, the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, and singers from choirs affiliated to the Royal School of Church Music, took up their positions in front of the band. Then followed the Thanksgiving and Remembrance Service.

THE most poignant and stirring moment of the whole evening came when, after the sounding of the Last Post, Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., President of the British Legion, who was blinded in World War One, stood at the microphone on top of the steps in front of the Clergy. Here, in a clear, sincere voice that rang truly throughout the vast hall, he spoke the words of "The Act of Remembrance." With these words and in the minutes of silence which followed, our thoughts were so vividly once again with those we loved and lost.

The audience included, besides the Royal Family, the Prime Minister and Lady Eden, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, the First Lord of the Admiralty Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the Minister of Defence Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Minister of Labour Sir Walter Monckton and Lady Monckton, the Minister of Health Mr. Iain Macleod and the Minister of Pensions Mr. Osbert Peake and his wife. Also the High Commissioner for Australia and Lady White, the High Commissioner for New Zealand and Mrs. Clifton Webb, the Chief of the Metropolitan Police, Sir John Nott-Bower and Lady Nott-Bower, Lord and Lady Cromwell, Lady (Ian) Fraser, Sir Edward and Lady Chadwyck-Healey, and Mrs. Prentice of the British Red Cross, besides many high-ranking officers of all the services. But no one was more moved by this unique ceremony which the British Legion arranges so well each year than my neighbour that evening Mr. Black, who had come down from Berwick-on-Tweed with his wife, who described the whole scene to him. Mr. Black, who was at St. Dunstan's for some time, lost his sight at the Battle of the Somme when he was serving with a field ambulance unit in the 1914-18 war. He told me with great happiness and pride how their only son, who

was a Pathfinder and had a commission in the R.A.F. during the last war, had come through safely having made over thirty sorties over enemy territory.

★ ★ ★

HR.H. PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of Athlone, who is President and chairman of the National Children Adoption Association and takes a very active interest in it, brought a big party to the Hallowe'en Ball, which is run annually to raise funds for the Association. Lady Mary Burghley was chairman of the Ball which was held at the Dorchester, and carried out her duties with great charm and efficiency. She had a splendid committee supporting her including Lady Heaton-Armstrong, Mr. J. A. F. Binny who was the honorary treasurer, Mrs. Gilbert Lodge, and Mrs. Lew Grade and her husband, who between them worked untiringly collecting advertisements for the programme, securing the very good cabaret, and the table decorations throughout the ballroom.

Mrs. Plummer, and her daughter Mrs. Stephen Robinson, were the pillars, as always, of this ball and worked selflessly to ensure its success. Mrs. Stuart Don was another of the keenest workers on this committee.

A number of attractive young girls were selling the souvenir programmes for which there were such exciting prizes as a four-day luxury trip generously given by the United States Lines, which was won by pretty Miss Gillian Fleetwood-Wilson, stepdaughter of Major-Gen. Cecil Firbank. A bicycle given by B.S.A. Cycles and a portable radio from the Decca Record Company were other programme prizes for which Princess Alice kindly drew the numbers. The tombola was the biggest I have ever seen at a dance, with one thousand prizes in three long rows, and made £484—a very big sum. More than £40 was raised in about five minutes when a dozen attractive lady members of the committee, wearing tall witches' hats, went round the tables selling balloons with lucky numbers inside.

PRINCESS ALICE had several members of her family with her including her daughter Lady May Abel Smith with Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith, Miss Ann and Mr. Richard Abel Smith. Also present were Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune who was in pink satin, Mrs. Henry Montgomerie-Charrington, Miss Norena Stewart-Clark, Lord Hyde, Miss Susan Kennedy and Mr. Charles Worthington. Lady Mary Burghley, who looked charming in ice blue tulle and a diamond tiara, had two of her daughters—the Hon. Mrs. Giles Floyd, very pretty in palest pink with a pink and white gauze stole, and the Hon. Mrs. Vane—in her party, which included Lady Zinnia Denison who was among the programme sellers. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith were in a party with Col. and Mrs. Stuart Don, and at the next table I saw Lord and Lady Hacking with a party of eight. The Dowager Viscountess Caldecote had a big party of fourteen.

Among the other five hundred guests at tables around the ballroom were Mr. and Mrs. John Grierson, Miss Shirley Watson, Miss Bridget Heaton-Armstrong, Lady Rose Alexander, Miss Eridget des Graz, Mr. Stephen Robinson, Lord Gray, Lady Fergusson and Mr. Bill Tucker.

Pictures on pages 436-437.

★ ★ ★

SEÑORA DE REMON, the Minister Counsellor, deputized for the Ambassador of Panama at a reception at their Embassy to celebrate Panama's Independence Day. As there was the Queen's party for members of the Diplomatic Corps at Buckingham Palace that

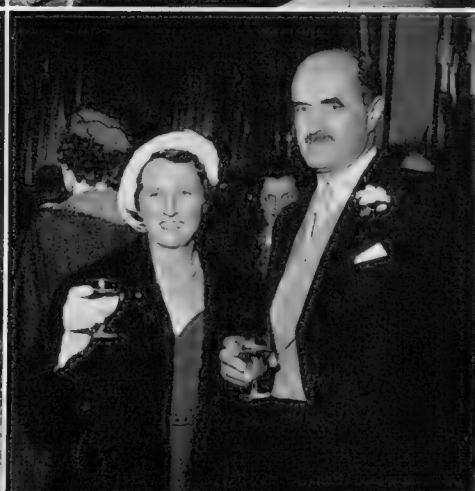
(Continued overleaf)



LT. RICHARD FRANCIS HORNOR, Royal Navy, and his bride, Miss Moyra Highton Short, with their bridal attendants, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster. A guard of honour composed of the bridegroom's fellow naval officers greeted the young couple as they left the church. The bridegroom is the younger son of Major and Mrs. F. H. F. Hornor, of Netherbury, Bridport, Dorset

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Short, parents of the bride, waiting to receive guests at the reception

Lt. Freddie Costello, R.N., and Miss Rosemary Wheatley were among the bridegroom's friends



Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold and Lt.-Cdr. P. R. Hay, R.N., who commands the submarine in which the bridegroom serves

Sir Harold and Lady Bishop were waiting for the speeches to begin. The reception for 300 guests was held at Canning House

Desmond O'Neill

HIGHLAND DIVISION

REUNION DINNER

THE 42nd Reunion Dinner of the 51st Highland Division took place at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire recently under the chairmanship of Sir Kenneth Gray Buchanan. Top: Maj.-Gen. Douglas Wimberley, and Gen. Sir Brian H. Robertson, Bt., who was guest of honour and proposed the toast, Brig. the Earl of Caithness and Col. W. Drummond. Below: Gen. Sir Colin Barber and Maj.-Gen. J. Scott-Elliott, Maj.-Gen. Sir Kenneth Gray Buchanan and Maj. Gen. H. Murray



A. V. Swache

Continuing The Social Journal

Reception at the Panamanian Embassy

evening, the Minister Counsellor wisely held the reception at midday. Señora de Remon is the lovely widow of the former President of Panama who was assassinated last January, and with great charm and intelligence has most successfully carried out her duties at the Embassy here this autumn.

Dr. Arias, the Ambassador for Panama, has been in New York for some weeks attending the United Nations session. His wife, the lovely Margot Fonteyn, is also in the U.S. touring with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, who are having a greater success than ever.

Everyone at the reception was admiring the décor of this charming new Embassy, which is tucked away in Thurloe Place with a delightful garden. Mme. Arias (Margot Fonteyn) has been responsible for the décor, which includes dark green taffeta walls in the dining-room, and many original touches throughout the house.

Personalities of the Diplomatic Corps and both Houses of Parliament attended the reception. Among them I saw the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, the Peruvian Ambassador, the German Ambassador, the Indonesian Ambassador and Mme. Supomo, and Señora Dona Virginia Prestinary de Gallegos, the very pretty Costa Rican Minister, who was in green, talking to Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold, and Señor Don Palomo, the Guatemalan Chargé d'Affaires, and his English-born wife. I also met General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones and Mr. Marcus and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke.

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THE Hon. Mrs. John Hare, chairman of the Cowdray Club, received the guests at a cocktail party which was given for those invited to see the Club's fine painted staircase. The walls of this staircase have only recently been restored, thanks to the generosity of the Pilgrims Trust. The work was entrusted

to Mr. Michael Gibbon, who has carried it out most proficiently.

It is thought that the staircase was painted for the first owner of the house, Francis Shepherd, soon after 1730. It has been ascribed to Sir James Thornhill, but there are those who doubt this, as by 1730 he had nearly reached the end of a very active life (he died in 1734) and had given up working as a professional painter. Some think it is more probably the work of John Devoto, an artist of Italian-French origin, who, besides being a mural decorator was also well known as a designer of theatrical scenery. The staircase is painted in oil on plaster and shows landscapes with classical ruins.

MRS. HARE's grandmother, the late Viscountess Cowdray, founded the Club in 1922, principally for the use of members of the nursing profession, but a percentage of other women are admitted. It is now one of the biggest women's clubs in England, with a membership of over 4,500. When the house was converted into a club, Sir Edwin Cooper, R.A., designed the oak-panelled dining-room on the site of the former garden. A cocktail bar has recently been added, with décor by Mr. Paul Anstee who has great originality as an interior decorator. I saw him at the party and he told me that the shop he and Adrienne Allen opened in Chelsea, under their joint names, is going well and they are running a special boutique of original Christmas presents from ten shillings to five pounds.

I met Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, who had been admiring the fine murals, and just as I was leaving rather early, for another engagement, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter arrived. She is one of the Club's vice-presidents.

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A NUMBER of friends from the Royal Navy were at the marriage of Lt. Richard Hornor, Royal Navy, and Miss Moyra Short which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridegroom had only recently returned from service in East Africa and Ceylon in H.M. submarine Acheron. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. Leonard Short, wore a dress of ivory

peau-de-soie with her lace veil held in place by a diamond tiara. Her page, Rupert Gould, nephew of the bridegroom, wore long red velvet trousers with a white silk shirt. The one child bridesmaid Xenia Angelastri wore a dress of ivory pleated tulle. The four grown-up bridesmaids Miss Dawn Mackay, Miss Elizabeth Symons, Miss Patricea Crick and Miss Caroline Cary-Elwes wore long dresses of white paper taffeta with white ostrich feather headresses.

After the ceremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Short, held a reception at 2 Belgrave Square where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Major and Mrs. F. H. F. Hornor, who had come up from their house in Dorset. After the young couple had cut their wedding cake, Sir Philip Millbourn proposed their health with a quick and witty speech to which the bridegroom replied. Among the guests at the wedding were the Portuguese Ambassador, the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Schreiber, and the retiring Argentine Ambassador Señor Dr. Don Derisi. Lady Millbourn was there, also Sir Frank Roberts, our Ambassador in Belgrade, who is over on a short visit with Lady Roberts and was talking to Sir Edward Crow and his charming daughter Mrs. Norman Jenks. Lt.-Cdr. P. R. Hay, who commands H.M.S. Acheron, was at the wedding with his wife, also Lord and Lady Grantchester, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews and Viscount and Viscountess Davidson. There were many cheers and good wishes as the young couple left for the honeymoon which they are spending motoring in France.

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I WENT for a short while to the Guy Fawkes Ball at the Savoy Hotel. This has become an annual event to raise funds for the Greater London Fund for the Blind. The Marchioness of Lothian, President of the Ball, was not able to be present, but both the chairman and vice-chairman Mrs. Paul Hyde-Thomson and the Countess of March were there with big parties, and busy seeing that everything went smoothly. There was a small tombola with numerous prizes. Around this I met the Hon. Nicholas and Mrs. Beaumont, the latter in white with a green scarf, Mr. and Mrs. Robert de Pass, Mrs. Rank who had

just had a lucky draw, and Lady Rose Bligh also carrying a prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dolby and Lord Monk Bretton were also trying their luck and the Hon. Mrs. Hugo Kindersley was working hard finding the prizes. Just across the room Mr. Peter Gardner Hill was helping to run a most popular balloon game which caused a great amount of amusement.

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Keeling and Mr. and Mrs. Mike Keeling, Miss Diana Gunnis and Mr. and Mrs. Dermot Wellesley-Wesley were other young people enjoying the sideshows which also included an "unrideable horse" and a fortune-teller who had a queue waiting to hear their luck. I also met Cdr. and Mrs. John Oram who recently returned from Turin, where he rode very successfully with the British team in the International Horse Trials. Mrs. Oram told me she is now busy helping to run the Hambledon Hunt Ball which is taking place at the Guildhall, Winchester, on December 2. This promises to be a very good ball with plenty of young supporters, with a band down from London to play for the dancing. Tickets can be obtained from Mrs Oram, East Hoe Manor, Hambledon, Hants

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THE Walker Galleries in New Bond Street were very full at the private view of what he calls "Horse Portraiture" by Lionel

Hamilton-Renwick, which is open until November 26. Among those who had come to see the pictures were General and Mrs. de Havilland, down from Yorkshire where they hunt with the Middleton. There is an excellent picture of Mrs. de Havilland in the exhibition riding her good grey hunter Pythley which her husband bought in Germany, and which was bred, I was told, by Hitler's Minister of Information towards the end of the war. Many people were admiring the artist's painting of the Queen's great racehorse Aureole with W. Carr up, and nearby his picture of Brig. Wyatt's unlucky horse Premonition.

COL. and Mrs. Royle Bristowe were going round the gallery, also Lord and Lady Eliot, the artist's mother Mrs. Margaret Renwick, and his sisters, Mrs. Fradgely and Miss Barbara Renwick, Christabel Lady Amptill, still in riding clothes, having come straight from an opening meet, and Cdr. and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh with their daughter.

Among the pictures which came in for most admiration were a very informal one of Mrs. McCorquodale out hacking on her hunter Michèle, and Mrs. Scott Miller's mare Madame Chairman out at grass with her foal at foot. This foal, which we should see racing next season, is cleverly named, as she is by Pandemonium, and Mrs. Scott Miller has called her "Order Order!"

ONE of the most deserving appeals in the world today is for the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research. Thanks to the research that has already been made, many lives of those stricken are being saved daily. But this is not enough—it is absolutely vital that some form of preventative should be found to combat this dreaded disease, perhaps a safe vaccine similar to that which has saved so many lives from smallpox, or an inoculation as for diphtheria. This glorious hot summer just past was sadly marred for many by poliomyelitis breaking out in this country more widely than ever, and it is up to all of us, especially those who have not yet suffered, to help to fight it.

Money is needed—a very big sum and very promptly—to carry on research, so may I suggest that all readers making their Christmas present list add the N.F.P.R. to it. This year buy your family and friends slightly cheaper presents than you would have done, and send something to the Polio Fund: five shillings, perhaps £5, or better still, from those who can afford it, £500, and send it at once to the Earl of Westmorland, Appeals Director, National Fund for Polio Research, Vincent House, Vincent Square, S.W.1. You and your family will enjoy a much happier Christmas if you know that you have all contributed generously. Stop to think that someone you love might be spending their Christmas in an iron lung.

MANY HORSE-LOVERS AT PRIVATE VIEW

BOTH racegoers and keen followers of hounds were at the private view of Mr. Lionel Hamilton-Renwick's second one-man exhibition. His paintings of horses enjoy great popularity while the exhibition which opened at the Walker Galleries in New Bond Street includes some interesting landscape paintings. Right: The artist with Miss Moyra Fraser the actress



Brodrick Haldane

Mrs. M. Armour was with Miss Rosanne Mainwaring, whose father has a stud farm in Co. Meath, and Miss Julitha Walsh

Below: Christabel Lady Amptill and Mlle. Nadine Trasenster admiring the artist's painting of Lady Amptill in the hunting field

Below: Miss Julie Harries, Mr. Ian Hamilton-Hayes and Miss June Osborne, the last two of whom hunt with the Essex hounds





"I think I've just about got my mole problem licked"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

Now is the time for dreams. Halloween has gone, but witches fly. This season of mists and mellow fruitfulness stirs the sleeping mind.

I wonder whether you have a recurring dream? I have one that has become a favourite of mine. A cardinal walks an ape, led by a golden cord, across a garden. They tread on tulips. You can hear the stalks crack under their feet. The cardinal is in red, the ape is black, the tulips yellow.

And this, I think, proves that you can dream in colour.

A friend of mine dreams bad poetry.

He remembered one couplet which he recited, which went:

"White as a wave on a whirling sea,
The last brontosaurus called to me..."

And another friend, who is fond of animals, always talks to them in his dreams. He meets a lion and talks to him.

The trouble, he says, is that they turn out to be such bores. They talk and talk. "I have never met an intelligent animal in my dreams," he complains.

And I know a man who always dreams that he goes to the dentist to have a tooth out. But when the tooth is presented to him on coming round he finds that it contains inside it the whole of the Prince Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens.

MR. A. CRAIG BELL, who is a schoolmaster at Ilkley in Yorkshire, wants to found an English society for the discussion of the works of Alexandre Dumas. *Père*, not *fil*s.

He thinks that Dumas was a great writer and his works are made for grown-ups as much as for children to read. And he has no doubt that there are many people in this country who will agree with him.

He began reading Dumas when he was a schoolboy and the passion has stayed with him.

This great man, who was half Negro and a relative of Napoleon's Josephine, was a gay fellow, generous, and a believer that life should be lived on the large scale. He had a lust for it. I think that Mr. Bell wants to stir the dust of this lust and to explore, with your help, the life of the man more than the worth of his works.

If you are interested, as I am, his address is 39 Skipton Road, Ilkley, Yorks.

HAVE you a favourite word? A secret word you keep to yourself? Most people have, for it is not only their secret, but their consolation.

In a new film called *The Glass Slipper*, which is a queer modern adaptation of Perroquet's immortal Cinderella story, the Fairy Godmother appears as a pixilated old lady who shambles about the place mumbling "elbow," "window-sill," "pickle relish," "nevertheless," "apple dumpling" simply because she likes the sounds of the words.

Experts call this innocent hobby semantics, but I prefer tongue-tasting.

My favourite word, I confess, is rainbow. But each man to his taste. Arnold Bennett always insisted that the most beautiful word in the English language is pavement.

WHEN King Louis XIV, the Roi Soleil, was on the throne of France, a great scandal threatened his kingdom, for it was discovered by his police chief, La Reynie, that his mistress Mme. de Montespan was dabbling successfully in the rites of the black mass and also patronizing poisoners.

Even La Reynie, who must have been a hard-bitten character to hold his job, seems to have been shocked by what he discovered. It seems that poisons in those days were big business. You could buy them at any cosmetics shop and it was possible for a lady of fashion to drop in any morning for a touch of rouge and arsenic.

Of course, La Reynie the policeman had a problem to cope with. How could he bring the King's mistress to justice? Not only would it startle France, but it would put the King in fear of his life. For the bridge between an aphrodisiac and a poison is a short one.

According to a book, *The Sunset Of The Splendid Century*, by W. H. Lewis (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 30s.), poisoning was not only big business in those days, but some of its clients held names the highest in the land.

The poisons were known as "succession powders" and they were mostly of arsenic, opium, antimony and hemlock, but chiefly arsenic.

T IRED of your lover? The ladies of the reign of Le Roi Soleil would buy a shirt soaked in arsenic with one eye over her shoulder in the direction of the next favourite. If that didn't work you could always mix it in the food of the brute.

I find this information depressing, for it shows that humankind has too small an imagination.

I remember only the other day talking to Dr. Roche Lynch, a Home Office analyst. He was grumbling when I saw him in his laboratory at St. Mary's, Paddington.

"No change, no change," he said. "Arsenic in chocolates."

"It must make it easier for you," I suggested.

"Of course it does," he replied. "But have murderers *no* imagination?"

Dr. Lynch has the opinion that for every poison murderer brought to the dock four are never discovered.



HIS EXCELLENCY DR. JOHANNES SCHWARZENBERG, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary for Austria at the Court of St. James's. He entered the Austrian Civil Service at the age of twenty-seven and a little later the Diplomatic Service. Before the war he was posted to Rome, later to Berlin and then retired from the Diplomatic Service in 1938. During the war years he was Director of the International Red Cross in Geneva and in 1946 re-entered the Austrian Diplomatic to take up the post of Counsellor to Paris. A year later he went to Rome as the representative of his country and in 1952 was appointed Ambassador there. He was born in Prague, became a Doctor of Law in Vienna, and is a great-grandson of the celebrated Field-Marshal Prince Karl Schwarzenberg, supreme commander at the Battle of Leipzig in 1813, against Napoleon. He married in 1931 Kathleen, Viscountess de Spoelberch

The new opera house has a magnificent ceiling in the foyer. The old opera house built in 1861-9 was in Early French Renaissance style and the new building has been built to resemble it as closely as possible



A PHOENIX RISES FROM THE ASHES

SPIKE HUGHES, who is known to a wide public for his writings and talks on music, is well qualified to comment on the new opera house in Vienna. He has recently finished a book on the famous opera houses of Europe, called "A Traveller's Guide To Their History And Traditions." One of the first places he visited on this long winter journey was Vienna, where incidentally he had lived and studied for three years between the wars

WHEN American bombs wrecked the Vienna Opera House in March, 1945, and the fires burned for a day and a night, the Viennese stood on their famous Ring boulevard and watched the sight with tears streaming unashamedly down their faces. It was the end of the world.

In fact it was the best thing that could have happened to Vienna. It was no ill-wind which fanned the flames of a seventy-six year old building for it blew the whole Austrian nation a power of good. For too many generations Vienna had looked over its shoulder at one Golden Age or another. Even in the 1920s, when the Vienna Opera had one of its most brilliant periods, it was still hankering regretfully after the good old days of a not-so-very-much-earlier age, which in turn had pined for the Golden Age which had preceded it.

So long as the *Oper am Ring* stood intact in its imposing position as the "Opera House on the Ring" it would inevitably have strong associations with the past of Vienna. Delightful, wistful, melancholy these associations may have been, but they had a bad influence on the city's musical life. The Glorious Past, while it may have had a certain attraction for tourists, was an unsurmountable barrier against native composers who were forced to take their operas to Germany for a hearing. It was said indeed that between the two German Wars there were more Viennese composers in Berlin than there were in Vienna until the rise of Hitler forced them to return home—rats boarding the sinking ship, they said sadly.

SINCE it was opened ten days ago, however, the Viennese have been able to enjoy the luxury and stimulating experience of a new *Oper am Ring* which has virtually no associations at all. But that is not to say that it lacks traditions. Like atmosphere, the

traditions of an opera house have nothing to do with the building of new walls or the destruction of old ones. The atmosphere of La Scala in Milan is as strongly sensible today as before the theatre was bombed, and the atmosphere of the new Vienna Opera was already unmistakable in the half-finished building I went over last February, although not a note of music had yet been played there. This atmosphere in Vienna was the atmosphere of a new theatre, however, not of the old Imperial building I had known so intimately as a student thirty years ago.

Tradition, on the other hand, is even less affected by changes of bricks and mortar than atmosphere in an opera house, and when the new Vienna State Opera opened on November 5 a three hundred year old tradition was taken up again—where it had never really left off.

The director of the State Opera, Dr. Karl Böhm, conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra during Beethoven's *Fidelio* at the opening performance



Opera got away to a good start in Vienna anyway, for in the seventeenth century the Habsburg Emperors were not only good patrons of the new art-form developed by the Italians, but made considerable contributions to it themselves as composers, conductors and performers. In effect opera was something of a free-for-all in those days, and any stray composer who could get an aria in edgeways was welcome and good luck to him—particularly if he happened to be the Emperor. But it was the staging of these operas that mattered most when a single production could cost the equivalent of today's £120,000, which would go towards such trifles as the construction over a large artificial canal filled with water of a stage which would divide into two—one half moving to the left of the audience, the other to the right, "revealing in the middle a sparkling stretch of water into which two flotillas of gold-painted ships sailed from either side and engaged in a naval battle."

SOMETHING of this characteristic extravagance of the baroque period in Vienna has happily been reborn with the new Vienna Opera of 1955. To begin with, it has cost something like £3 million to reconstruct. When it was first built in 1869 the theatre cost £611,674 15s. 10d. (very important, that 15s. 10d.), but even allowing for the difference in the value of money today and eighty-six years ago it was still nothing even comparatively like £3 million. But then there has never been anything like the new Vienna Opera anyway.

In an unnecessarily modest way the designers of the new theatre make timid comparisons with this or that feature of the Paris Opéra. In one respect only is there any resemblance between Vienna and Paris: both theatres made their "guests" pay through the nose for their seats at the inaugural performance. In Paris even the architect had to pay to get into his own

theatre, while in Vienna on November 5 it was reported that 1,658 seats had been sold for a total of £38,976 6s. 1d. In this matter, indeed, Vienna may be said to have surpassed even the shrewd behaviour of the Paris Opéra at its opening. There are officially only 1,650 seats in the new Vienna auditorium. How did they sell—or more important, who bought eight non-existent seats?

THOUGH Vienna had to start more or less from scratch to build its new Opera, the outside of the building will appear familiar enough to those who knew it before World War Two. The walls, most of the main staircases, the façade, the loggia and the terraces, the famous bronze horses over the portico, the commemorative inscription "Kaiser Franz Josef I, 1868" were all left standing after the bombing and have been retained with the original ground plan. (The retention of the inscription is delightfully typical, for it seems that not even a brand new £3 million theatre will ever quite stop the Viennese looking over their shoulders, even though in 1918 they stripped all the royal insignia from everything else in the city.)

Inside, on the other hand, everything is new and of quite remarkable splendour. The auditorium has mercifully been reconstructed to look like an opera house, not like a cinema or a German concert hall. There are still three tiers of boxes and two top galleries. And a "royal" centre box. (It is odd that a republic should have a permanent box for distinguished visitors and formal occasions while our own Royal Opera House at Covent Garden has to fix one up every time there's a gala performance.) The decoration is red plush, white and gilt—particularly gilt, for gold leaf has been used on the iron curtain and everywhere else in sight with quite breathtaking abandon.

FOR the first time the stage can be seen from every seat in the house. There are no columns to spoil the view from the top galleries as there used to be—an improvement which has brought not entirely facetious complaints from the Viennese; in the old days the seats behind pillars, the so-called *Säulensitze*, were cheaper than the rest and they feel that they are being swindled by the new-fangled and altogether economically unsound idea of an uninterrupted view of the stage.

The front of the house is of an unprecedented luxuriousness, with vast and spacious foyers and buffets hung with Gobelin tapestries and open-air terraces on three sides of a building which covers two and a half acres. But it is backstage that the real fantasy begins, for here imagination has run riot and realized all the wildest of any stage-director's dreams. There are now three stages—a main stage, a back stage and a side stage, taking up about a fifth of the total area and measuring (for the sake of a gratuitous statistic) fifty-five yards from proscenium arch to the last practicable point on the back stage—yards, not feet. The side stage is a kind of scenic marshalling yard where sets are assembled to be slid on to the main front stage when required, or "struck" when they have been slid off the front stage. There are two other methods of disposing of the sets at the end of a scene: they can be moved vertically into the "flies" or dropped out of sight under the stage.

The vast stage area has been gained by banishing all scene-docks, boilers, heating and ventilating systems from the precincts of the theatre. The scenery is stored in a building across the street reached by an underground passage; the heating comes from an enormous plant in the old Imperial Palace about a quarter of a mile away which also provides heating for the new Burgtheater, the State "legitimate" theatre away round the other side of the Ring boulevard. The ventilation system brings air from the Palace garden, filled—it is hoped—

with the fragrance of roses in the summer but likely, they told me, also to include an occasional whiff of the fierce *Virginier* cigar smoked by the Viennese proletariat.

But of all the technical extravagances, the luxuries and ingenuities of the £3 million Staatsoper, the one that pleased me most was the revolving stage. This is on the back stage, a disc of about twenty-five feet in diameter which folds up like a pancake and when it is done with can be "flown" bodily out of everybody's way up into the roof. I have never quite understood the point of this, but I know when I first saw it I couldn't help regretting that a machine like this had not been invented in the days when Grock used to end his act by getting mixed up with the revolving stage at the Coliseum.

In a country like ours, where a public 3s. 4d. spent on music can lead to the downfall of a government, the idea of £3 million spent on the construction of an opera house is the shearest lunacy, of course. Far better, we think, to express our Way of Life by constructing satellites the size of footballs to encircle the earth—as though there weren't enough things on the ground to make us dizzy already. But opera in Vienna, in spite of the junketings of the past week and an estimated first night house of nearly £40,000, is an every-day-of-the-week, ten-months-of-the-year business with a repertoire of sixty operas or more (in the course of twenty-three months as a student I heard no fewer than ninety different operas at the old Vienna Opera). It costs the Austrians the earth, but what matter? The Vienna Opera in 150 years as an Imperial or State institution has never closed its doors for financial reasons. Not even La Scala can claim as much as that.

THE inaugural festival, which lasts until November 30, is naturally suspected by the Viennese as being for foreigners only. They cannot believe that when they get their opera house to themselves they will get anything but the crumbs left over from the feast. But then the Viennese have always been notorious grumblers, and whatever they may say, the present performances of *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Aïda*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Wozzeck*, Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* are likely to be typical of the new Vienna Opera and its unrivalled musical tradition—although, having a streak of the *Wiener* in me, I'll bet that even the Festival won't be as good as the everyday stuff in my day. Nevertheless, a repertory company that includes singers like Irmgard Seefried, Lisa della Casa, Maria Reining, Sena Jurinac and Hilde Güden isn't going to do too badly even if they don't all appear at once. We could do with a few crumbs like that in our national opera, I must admit.

THE history of opera is filled with instances of theatres which have risen like phoenixes from the ashes of fires, survived revolutions, bankruptcies and fates worse than cultural death. Vienna, characteristically, survived something experienced by no other opera: it survived an insult.

After the Anschluss the once-Imperial Vienna Opera was deliberately reduced by the Germans to the status of a provincial theatre. Attendances fell off; apathy set in and it was a black period when the new Governor of Vienna, Baldur von Schirach, solemnly proclaimed to the opera company in a special communiqué: "I direct that the Vienna Opera be made the best of its kind in the world. . . ."

Vienna, like Little Audrey, laughed and laughed because . . . well, the answer stands in all its shining glory and elegance at the corner of the Kärntnerstrasse and the Opernring: the Vienna State Opera which is more than ever the best of its kind in the world.



Above: A set from Act 3 of *The Gipsy Baron*, an operetta by Johann Strauss, the décor by Walter v. Hoesslin. Below: An original sketch by Robert Kautsky for Honegger's *Joan Of Arc At The Stake*



A scene from the dress rehearsal of Beethoven's *Fidelio* which was performed on November 5 in front of a distinguished international audience





IN IRELAND, the famous Galway Blazers started their season at Athenry, and some of the large field which turned out are seen waiting near a covert. The country, features of which are stone-wall jumping and no wire, is hunted three days a week

Charles C. Fenn

At the Races

YOUNG ENTRY UP AND COMING

THE falling leaf and fading tree, which always herald the Autumn Double, will surely this year go down in Turf history as remarkable in more ways than one. Firstly because both the winners Curry and Retrial were ridden by little boys, P. Tulk and P. Robinson; secondly because both winners were trained by one man, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who is nearly £20,000 ahead of the runner-up, Mr. Geoffrey Brooke; and lastly because this Cambridgeshire victory, plus all the grist that Meld brought in, puts Lady Zia Wernher very high up indeed in the list of winning owners—closer I believe in saying than any of the gentle sex has been before.

The principal cause for congratulation, however, is the performance of these two small boys, because it shows us that the up-and-coming crop of jockeys is pretty first-class. Neither the Cesarewitch nor the Cambridgeshire is an easy race for any jockey to ride, least of all for young apprentices; the Long Dart is a tiring job any old way; the Cambridgeshire an effort in tremendous concentration—and this year ended up with a real dog-fight. There are no landmarks in either race. In the Cambridgeshire, Newmarket was on to the right stable, but I got them in the wrong order, and this in spite of

Retrial's pressing invitation to back him after his good performance in his last pipe opener.

SOME more of our best bloodstock is about to go across the Atlantic, for Our Babu has been sold to America for a very big figure indeed. His chief value, of course, in our eyes, is that he has Lord Rosebery's crack Blue Peter so close up in his pedigree on the dam's side, and in the back row of



his sire's pedigree we see such names as Durban, Gay Crusader, Blandford, Pharos and so forth, thus enriching the staying blood which comes from France via Tourbillon by Ksar. Money I am afraid will always talk, but some of us regret that it does, because so much of our good blood, including Tulyar, is taking flight.

There is everything we can admire in Our Babu excepting his name, and this goes also for his sire, My Babu, for to anyone who has ever been in the land where Babus are bred, it suggests our unconsciously funny old friend, Jabberjee Chatterjee, failed B.A., of Calcutta University. We owe him so much that we shall never be able to repay since we and India are not now so closely linked as we used to be.

How can we ever forget such immortal pronouncements as, for instance, that one which said: "Tiger is jumping on platform and eating all native peoples as per margin; kindly send gun and oblige,"—or that priceless lesson in equitation: "Sit on the top of the back of the European horse, put foot in 'istirrup; tarn out toe; apply 'ishpur and Oh My Gardfathers." Unforgettable and unbeatable!

The inhabitants of Bengal are not a martial race, but it is only right and fair to recall that when, by some ill chance, they have been swept into the bloody arena of war, they behaved with a courage that is truly remarkable considering how they are bred and how they have been brought up. Their sense of humour is nil, but how richly amusing their sayings at all times, especially when they quote their favourite author "Immortal Shakispeare." The things which they have attributed to the great Bard can hardly be believed but I don't suppose that he minds very much, for after all he had a sense of humour.

—SABRETACHE

RENDEZVOUS FOR THE PINK COATS

IN ENGLAND a popular West Country pack, the Mendip Farmers, had one of the earliest opening meets of the season, held at Priddy, where the kennels are situated, a lonely village in the heart of the hills a few miles from Wells. A record field gathered in the bright autumn sunshine, and after the move-off had an excellent day's sport over country scattered with worked-out lead mines, now picturesque features of the scenery. The country is mostly pasture, with water and flying fences among the obstacles. Right: The joint Hon. Secretary, Major Geoffrey Leacroft, watched the move-off with Mrs. Henry Hobhouse and her niece Sandra Campbell



The joint-Masters, Major and Mrs. B. O. Allen, waiting at a corner of Priddy Green

Mrs. P. Langlands and her son Jeremy were mounted on an engaging couple of ponies



Miss Belinda Buller Leyborne-Popham collecting the cap from Sir John and Lady Wills

*William Morris
Miss Diana Fellowes and Miss Belinda Firbank, two of the hunt's keenest followers*



Desmond O'Neill

BRITISH SKIERS CELEBRATE THE COMING SEASON

Over 200 guests attended the successful Ski Club of Great Britain dance held at 118, Eaton Square, which is the club's headquarters. Above: Mr. Timothy Thorp, Miss Belinda Harvie, Miss Cynthia Palmer and Mr. Dennis Foot enjoy drinks against a seasonal background



Mr. Hans Nobl, the ski champion, Mrs. A. D. Sommerfeld, Mr. L. J. N. P. Jameson and Mr. K. J. Sommerfeld



Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Whitmee, whose daughter was a debutante this year, talking to Capt. Michael Franklin

Mr. D. Gau showing Miss Valerie Barbor an ornamental flask from Engelberg



Miss Ann D'Arcy-Smith and Mr. Peter Barbor. The dancing went on till 1 a.m.

Miss Constance McAndrew, Mr. William Fischer, Miss Susan Ashworth and Mr. John Cunningham



Miss Patricia Morley and Mr. David Lang were discussing the forthcoming winter sports season



Mr. John Keane and Mr. John Webber with Miss Patricia McGhie and Miss Sheena Freeland



DEFYING THE TYRANT: Paulina (Margaret Rawlings), plain-spoken champion of a wronged Queen, Hermione (Wendy Hiller), dead but come to life again, and Leontes (Paul Rogers), a gargantuan figure of jealousy

is what Mr. Benthall does. High romance has its own peculiar tensions, its own peculiar rhythms. Instead of trying to discover the tensions and rhythms belonging to *The Winter's Tale* Mr. Benthall busies himself applying a psychology that the tale was never meant to bear and which can only put its romance into a ridiculous light.

THE settings are romantic enough in their barbaric splendour or pastoral simplicity, but all that takes place within them invites us to wonder why reasonable people in a reasonable world should behave with such a mad regard for reason. Mr. Paul Rogers is caused to reason himself into the sudden frenetic jealousy of Leontes which is the cause of all the trouble. This is something that no actor can possibly do plausibly. As Leontes he must strike his attitude of jealousy and see to it, as Sir John Gielgud did in Mr. Peter Brook's memorable production, that it creates its own stage tension. Miss Wendy Hiller as Hermione is equally misguided. She tries to act realistically the innocent queen's misunderstood friendliness with Polixenes, and all that comes from her stepping into the wrong convention of dalliance is an unfortunate suggestion that Leontes may not have been so far wrong in his jealous suspiciousness. Both of them break up the verse in the interests of realism, Miss Hiller so gaspingly that Hermione's passionately romantic appeal to Apollo for his supernatural help goes for nothing. Miss Margaret Rawlings insists on speaking the verse as verse, and her Paulina—the fearlessly plain-spoken champion of the wronged queen—stands out accordingly.

MR. BENTHALL is more successful in rendering the rhythm of the scenes of bucolic merry-making and Miss Zena Walker is a spirited, if too boisterous, Perdita, and Mr. John Neville pinches a good deal of laughter as Autolycus. But in general it is a production likely to bring into disrepute a lovely play whose admittedly difficult technical problems it makes no serious attempt to tackle.

At the Theatre

SHAKESPEAREAN FAIRYTALE

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THE Old Vic began last year to go "slap bang, Mr. Boffin" through all the plays of Shakespeare. Everybody thought well of the new policy. It promised the present playgoing generation the sort of liberal education that Lilian Baylis managed unsystematically to provide for the young people of her time. Working on a system, the directors would be able to make one play throw light on another and, where comparisons were unprofitable, to give the contrasts piquancy. So on and so forth; and the audience which had stayed the course would naturally end up with a vivid picture of the development of Shakespeare's mind and art. But the policy is working out far from well in practice.

There is altogether too much "slap bang" about the progress through the plays. We get some good things, such as Mr. Douglas Seale's carefully adjusted treatments of the two parts of *Henry IV.*, but they are being outnumbered by productions which are either

desperately perverse or perfunctory. Yesterday it was *Julius Caesar's* turn, and the bright Roman day was made the excuse for an experiment in stage darkness. To-day along comes *The Winter's Tale*, and because it is the most romantic of plays, and high romance is out of fashion for the moment, Mr. Michael Benthall handles the whole thing as though it contained some subtle psychological truth which it is his duty to release.



A PSEUDO-GENTLEMAN of the most over-exquisite and comical gentility, Autolycus (John Neville)

IN *The Winter's Tale* the plot is woven out of the fortunes of Hermione, who was dead and came to life again, and of Perdita, who was lost and was found again, out of disguises, wrongs that in the end become rights again, shipwrecks on the coast of Bohemia, long wanderings that lead home again at last and graceful village maidens speaking exquisite poetry as becomes those who are princesses though they do not know it. Nothing is easier than to retell such a story in such a sophisticated way that it becomes utterly absurd. This, in effect,



SONIA DREDEL'S UNUSUAL ROLE

SONIA DREDEL, whose character studies of the macabre have always been her especial forte, has a new kind of role in *Dr. Jo*. She plays an attractive and successful woman doctor who comes home to visit the sister that is married to the man she always loved. The author of the play is Joan Morgan, whose *This Was a Woman* was one of Miss Dresdel's greatest dramatic successes. Also starring in the play, are Barbara Couper and Derek Farr

Paul Tanqueray

London Limelight

Vin du Pays

Supérieur

AFTER the spate of highfalutin obscurity which has poured out upon us from France, how pleasant to welcome an ingenuous stranger whose whole approach to entertainment is, as it were, a Gallic snook cocked at pomposity. *La Plume de ma Tante*, a French revue at the Garrick, is presented by Robert Dhéry, an incomparable compère. As the shepherd of his company he knows what disasters are likely to be afoot behind the curtain, but he puts on a bravely ingratiating smile and does his duty.

Every expected and unexpected nightmare follows. Curtains go up at the wrong moment, the popsy in black tights who

carries the programme numbers across the stage is clearly an idle venal *gamin*; even in set-piece ballets the dancers squabble and an outsider with a suitcase sneaks across the stage.

It is one of the most glorious, hilarious muddles ever created—a sort of Continental “Hellzapoppin” contrived by people of genuine wit.

The happiest thought was probably “the only mounted singer in the world,” a sad gentleman truly astride a bored and elderly



ROBERT DHÉRY, an ingenuous Gallic entertainer and incomparable compère

white stallion, who treated us to one of those dreary marine ditties calling for all hands on deck.

Not that talent is lacking: even without the inspired disasters this would have made a passable little show, for Nicole Parent dances with a sinuous accurate fascination and Colette Brosset is (among other things) a genuine contortionist, even if she does complain that the strain is breaking every bone in her body. Christian Duvaleix, in the midst of utter failure with his box of quick-fire conjuring tricks, suddenly produces a miracle by mistake. The timing for success or holocaust is rapier swift.

And some of the jokes are not in very good taste, which is splendid, for they rob the audience of their last shreds of reserve.

The public who flock to vast brash musicals and those who reverence translated perversity may not find this performance to be quite their cup of coca-cola, but for the odd people who take a modest head with them to the theatre in search of entertainment, this is the best glass of Dubonnet now on sale at any bistro.

—Youngman Carter

At the Pictures

CRIME UNDER
THE LOTUS

MR. ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S *To Catch a Thief* may not be an outstanding example of his work but, anyway, it was a good, discreet choice for the Royal Film Performance. It is commendably uncontroversial and agreeably leisurely—so leisurely in parts that one suspects Mr. Hitchcock and his scriptwriter, Mr. John Michael Hayes, of succumbing to the lure of luxurious idleness on the French Riviera, which is the picture's Glorious VistaVision setting, and murmuring with the Lotus Eaters "Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?"


This drowsy sentiment is one with which, being born bone lazy, I am in complete sympathy: I like to think that Mr. Hitchcock had as pleasant a time making this unhurried film as I had watching it.

Mr. Cary Grant is a handsome and respectably retired cat-burglar, living in a villa near Monte Carlo and a style which indicates that crime certainly *used* to pay. He is distinctly nettled when a whole new series of jewel robberies is attributed to him. As the methods used by the new thief are identical with his own when he operated as The Cat, the only way Mr. Grant can clear himself with the suspicious police is by trapping the copy-cat red-pawed. He feels he could do this if he knew where his emulator would be likely to strike next.

AN insurance investigator, Mr. John Williams, obligingly furnishes him with a list of thus far unrobbed, diamond-studded ladies visiting the locality. Among these are Miss Grace Kelly, a frosty beauty, and her darling vulgarian of a mother, Miss Jessie Royce Landis, with whom Mr. Grant strikes up an acquaintance under an assumed name.

Miss Kelly warms to Mr. Grant most interestingly and even after discovering he is the notorious Cat continues to display an oncoming disposition—but when Mum's collection of platinum-set rocks is stolen, Miss K. takes umbrage and prepares to hand Mr. G. over to the police. Mum, who is twice the gal her daughter is, slaps her down shrewdly—and eventually it is with the help of both of them that Mr. Grant is able to catch the real thief at a gorgeous fancy-dress ball where half the guests are cops keeping an eye on the jewels of the other half and all the servants are suspect.

The dialogue is neat as a pin, a car chase shot from the air is exciting, and the sun-soaked panorama of the Riviera and the turbulent colour of the flower market in Nice are there to make you wish like mad you hadn't spent your travel allowance. If you want to know where Mr. Hitchcock makes his token appearance, I'll tell you: he's that glum-faced, avocado-shaped gentleman sitting beside Mr. Grant in the Monte Carlo bus.



ESTELLA BLAIN plays one of the leading roles in *Les Fruits Sauvage*. The talented young players appearing in this film, of which she is one, have never before acted on the screen. The film is directed by M. Hervé Bromberger, who has made so many excellent documentaries. It is the story of a young girl and her sisters and brothers who fly from the slums of Lyons and take refuge in a remote corner of Provence. The theme is tragic and the film has great quality. Miss Blain's performance as the savage lonely girl is extremely moving. The film has opened at the Paris-Pullman Cinema in South Kensington, formerly the Boltons Theatre



Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding are full of song and dance as the fairy-tale Cinderella and her prince in *The Glass Slipper*

EVERY second film from Hollywood is a modern version of the Cinderella story, designed for grown-ups, but *The Glass Slipper*, presumably intended for children, is a costume piece which makes a rather mystifying attempt to rationalise the old fairy-tale: that is, it simply retells it with one stern reservation. There are no fairies.

I cannot personally see the point of substituting an elderly, eccentric kleptomaniac for the Fairy Godmother—but as the part is played with inspired and disarming whimsicality by Miss Estelle Winwood, who has not been seen on any screen for twenty years, I'll put up with it. Mlle. Leslie Caron, an adorable ash-smudged urchin, makes an appealing if unusually stormy Cinderella. Mr. Wilding brings a sterling, milk-toast insipidity to the role of Prince Charming. One wonders if such an ill-matched pair really will live happily ever after—though one must admit that M.-G.-M. have provided them with an exceptionally rich and stylish palace in which to try. But what's all this passion for rationalisation, anyway? Roll on the splendid lunacy of the pantomime season, say I.

The X Certificate carried by *Black Tuesday* indicates that you cannot see this film unless you are an adult: believe me, if you are an adult, you won't want to see it. It's a thoroughly sordid, ugly picture—about two condemned murderers, Messrs. Edward G. Robinson and Peter Graves, who shoot their way out of jail on the very morning set for their execution. They take five hostages with them to their hide-out in a disused warehouse (Gee, business must be real bad in the U.S.A.—I'm forever seeing disused warehouses on the movies)—and when the cops surround the place and start shooting, the murderers begin bumping off these innocent people and throwing their bodies down to the street below. I guess somebody survived, but I forget whom. I'd prefer to forget the whole thing.

PRODUCED and directed by M. Hervé Bromberger, who has now graduated from documentary, *Les Fruits Sauvages* is a curiously fascinating little film with a strange-but-true quality. Because a young girl (Mlle. Estella Blain) has accidentally killed her drunken father, she and her younger sister and brothers flee from the slums of Lyons and find refuge in a deserted village in a remote corner of Provence. The idyll is brief and ends tragically.

None of the young players has ever appeared in a film before, but they so perfectly convey the innocence of prattling childhood, the emotional perplexities of adolescence, and the quick awakening to womanhood of the eldest girl, that one unquestioningly accepts them as real people undergoing real experiences.

—Elsbeth Grant



SHIRLEY MacLAINE, red-haired and blue-eyed, was an overnight Broadway star. Then she was discovered by the producer Hal Wallis and taken to Hollywood. She will be seen shortly in London cinemas in Alfred Hitchcock's *A Trouble With Harry* and *Artists and Models*

Television

PICK AND CHOOSE

AFTER two months' experience of double television, southern set-owners begin to have a clearer view of where and where not to look. The first rule we learn is that the more competitors there are, the more the game's the same.

Mediocre programmes on I.T.A. or B.B.C. are painfully alike. But most of us, if honest, must confess to something in each service we should be sorry to miss. It might only be the "News" of our choice (timing makes it almost impossible to take both), or it may be the "Audience participation" show to suit our brow, from (for my taste) the rock-bottom degradation of Derek Roy's "People Are Funny," through B.B.C.'s popular "Ask Pickles" to the miraculous

patronage of poor students offered by "Double Your Money," where bearded history graduate Plantagenet Somerset Fry got to £512, then prudently retired.

Clearly, if it were possible to combine the best of the two services, British TV would set a model. Sunday evenings are the testing time for viewers. If we are not gluttons for variety, we may dine early in peace until the B.B.C. Sunday night theatre begins at 8.30. This Sunday nobody would willingly miss Henry Sherek's revival of *Idiot's Delight*, starring Robert Beatty and Mai Zetterling, following the latter's enchanting appearance last month in what was incredibly her first TV play, *A Star Without a Name*. But should Sunday Night at the Palladium have a star like Lena Horne, we feel compelled to turn away to A.T.V. at 8.50. Then even if, at nine o'clock, we loyally prefer Miss Zetterling in *Idiot's Delight* to Derrick de Marney in *The Suicide Club*, we must look away again at 9.30 or else, unthinkable, miss *I Love Lucy*.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

The Gramophone

A NEW RAG

IN 1950 Harry Roy introduced his large public to his own "Leicester Square Rag." It was an instantaneous success and entirely in sympathy with the then current revival of Dixieland-style dance music. The impact of this return to the early form of jazz has scarcely slackened since that time, and now dynamic little Harry Roy pops up again with a brand-new composition in similar style.

With a beady eye always on the ball, he has now produced "Permutation Rag" out of his bag of tricks. With his orchestra and the Londonaires he has made a first-class recording which—and that by no means on account of the title—must appeal to the millions. Doubtless one of the big concerns devoting its activities to "pools" will adopt this snappy piece of music

as a signature tune. It's a gift to that end! The reverse side of this new Harry Roy recording is occupied by "The Little Laplander," and here, too, is as neat an interpretation of it as could be imagined. But for me it's "Permutation Rag" that gets the draw every time, and I know I shall not be alone in my selection. (Oriole CB. 1313.)

EQUALLY it is my pleasure to bring to your notice the first recording for M.-G.-M. made by the one and only Ambrose. With his orchestra he offers "Bluebell Polka," and "Marching Through Georgia." It's not just what Ambrose does with any tune he plays, it's the way that he does it, and the unique hallmark he gives to anything he sets down in the grooves.

Like Harry Roy, Bert Ambrose has enjoyed more than the ordinary run of fashionable success, and both these dance band maestros still command, in their individual ways, much more than ordinary respect; after all, it is exceedingly difficult to keep experience and ability off the records for any appreciable time. (M.-G.-M. 874.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Lady Mary Burghley, chairman of the committee, and Sir Henry Abel-Smith



Mr. Everard de Lisle and Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones were among the guests



Miss Ellen Keatley was dancing with Mr. Gerald Milson during the evening



Mr. W. E. Tucker, the surgeon, was talking to Mrs. D. Patterson



Sir Francis Whitmore, Bt., Lord Lieutenant of Essex, and Lady Whitmore



Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kilchin were sorting out their Tombola tickets, at which there were some very attractive prizes

MAKING MERRY ON HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

THE Hallowe'en Ball for 1955 was held at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the National Children Adoption Association, the president and chairman of which is Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, who was the guest of honour. (Left) The Princess with Mrs. Lew Grade, a member of the ball committee. There were over 500 guests at this gay and most entertaining annual event

Lady Zinnia Denison and Mrs. Rissa Guinness made two attractive witches



Photographs by Van Hallan

Mrs. Stephen Robinson was with Mr. Roy Punnett and Miss Shirley Watson.



Miss Cynthia Palmer, Mr. Dennis Foot, Miss Heather Dean, Mr. A. Bertram and Miss Judith Coxhead



Standing By

CHERRY HINTON TO YOU

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY'S warning to anyone liable to be lulled by "Operation Smiles," lately launched from Moscow, has turned Bloomsbury—we discovered the other night on visiting that septic underworld—into a fair imitation of the Zoo Ape-House; not to mention the bewildered agony of chaps in Clubland who understood that Millennium was dawning, the icy-hearted Muscovite having decided to take up cricket in a big way. Oh, I say! Look here, sir!

However, as any citizen acquainted with the Facts of Life is aware, numbers of smilers—Soviet bosses, little fluffy actresses, big-business boys, jaguars, ace gangsters, art-dealers, bigamists, income-tax collectors, and others—are fully as dangerous as those Cambridgeshire hayseeds against whom Rupert Brooke warned the Race years ago:

*Strong men have run for miles and miles
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles . . .*

We've viewed the Cherry Hinton Smile. It is faint but promising, like that of a Chinese war-lord's expert at his drawing-board devising a few artistic variations on the Death of Ten Thousand Slices, and almost as disturbing as the smile (witnessed by us not long ago) of a rich woman greeting, at a garden-party, another rich woman wearing precisely the same exclusive Paris model. Our generic word for this species of charm is "Cherryhintonism" (Fr., *cherryhintonisme*, Ger., *Cherryhintonismus*), and we like it as little as Lord Montgomery does. No offence to Mrs. Busy's Sunshine Rovers.

Rubber

MEDITATING on the nice way so many of the stately homes of England have been turned by the rubberneck-traffic into little goldmines for their owners, a gossip-boy reminded us that oddly enough

the French haven't yet tumbled to this profitable racket to any extent; or at any rate so far as we discover.

There's a huge old rambling chateau we know in France, classified as a national monument, needing constant repair, and inhabited by the same family—barring the Revolution period—since Henri IV's time at least. Whenever the present Marquise is forced at length to have a dangerous wall or a leaking roof repaired—at her own expense—all hell breaks loose at the Beaux-Arts. The offence is almost criminal. Reams of official documents arrive in triplicate. Inspectors and architects and surveyors and assessors and other Ministerial *ronds-de-cuir* and odds-and-bods swarm like woodlice. Rubbernecks likewise arrive in droves every summer weekend, contributing not one centime. You'd think the French, above all people . . . But no, or anyway not where it's most needed. Enigma.

Where the Republic does extend itself, nevertheless, it certainly does. At Vézelay, the vast Burgundian basilica where St. Bernard of Clairvaux preached a crusade—what a feat of restoration! Stop us if we start describing. ("Myra describes an Alpine sunset *beautifully*."—"She'd better not, by Gad!") All right, then.

String

REMARKING in the High Court that pieces of string encountered in bread do you no harm if you pull (or, in Mayfair, spit) them out, the Lord Chief Justice was perhaps recalling the case of that notable string-eater little Henry King of the *Cautionary Tales*, on whose final agonies Harley Street's top specialist-boys delivered such a commonsense opinion:

They answered, as they took their Fees,
"There is no Cure for this Disease;
Henry will very soon be dead" (etc.).

Yet it seems to us, judging by what the



Race devours daily, that the dangers of string-eating are absurdly exaggerated. After wolfing stewed strips hacked off their seaboots—a dish liable to cost you 7/6 in any 3-star British country hotel today—Sir Henry Morgan's buccaneers in Panama were apparently none the worse, and we take you to be of the same fearless breed. What did for Henry King, we suspect, was not the knots of string inside him but careless indulgence afterwards in what Cook was sending up. And since Cook's most lethal effort was undoubtedly pure ambrosia compared to your current average nutrition-intake, whites, little Henry must, we fear, be set down as a sissy.

Afterthought

WHERE (speaking of string and country hotels) the chef's bootlaces are served with the principal dish, the management frequently charges an extra half-crown, reports our roving table correspondent, "Bonne Viveuse." Don't pay this, sahibs; it's sheer extortion. Threaten to complain to the Wine and Food Society, but naturally not aloud. A discreet side-long mumble, one nervous eye fixed on the headwaiter. . . .

BRIGGS . . . by Graham





Mrs. Clive Doe and Miss Primrose Scanlan who were at the preview

SPENCER EXHIBITION AT THE TATE

STANLEY SPENCER, whose religious paintings and murals are well known, is holding a retrospective exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery. A large number attended the preview, and the artist's distinctive style was the main topic between viewers. Right: Miss Lucy Rothenstein, daughter of Sir John Rothenstein, was being escorted by Mr. Stanley Spencer



Mr. Anthony Bertram, Lady Rothenstein and Mr. Cecil Collins, in front of "Christ carrying the Cross"

Mr. David James and Miss Jennifer Agnew, who was a debutante this year, were amongst the spectators



Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bishop were studying Spencer's well-known painting "Swan Upping at Cookham"

Desmond O'Neill



F. J. Goodman

COMTESSE PIERRE D'HARCOURT, daughter of Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E., and Enid Bagnold the novelist, divides her time between France and her family in England. Her husband is a nephew of Prince Jean de Caraman Chimay, and the son of Comte Robert d'Harcourt, of the Academie Française

Priscilla in Paris

THE WHITE CARNATION

L'HEURE EXQUISE—which is also the most nostalgic of the twenty-four—when dusk gathers, the curtains are not yet drawn, and the darkening sky looks as if it will be, for ever, starless. Close the shutters, light the lamp, let slow, soft music accompany a small, hard drink, and remember that Oscar Wilde has said: "With freedom, flowers, books and the moon, who could not be perfectly happy?"

This may apply more often to the Leisured Few, but the Jobbing Many have their own *heures exquises* with even greater poignancy, since they come more rarely and always unexpectedly. So let me tell you a little story.

IHAD been told that I must visit the Central Flower Market at les Halles. We all know, of course, that the Halles is (or are?) the Covent Garden of Paris, the wholesale mart that brings sustenance to the great city and, from late evening to dawn, sells every form of foodstuff to the retail caterers. All Parisians, at some time or other, have paid a visit to the immense, covered market and have supped

or breakfasted with the market porters in the smoky eating-places thereabouts that serve the best onion soup, coated thickly with a golden *gratin*, of any I have ever tasted.

All this I knew. I knew also of the flower booths on the Quai aux Fleurs, and the stalls, near the Madeleine, where flowers are sold to all-comers from early morning to late afternoon; but I did not know of the wholesale flower market at the Halles, where selling starts at 6 p.m. to dealers and goes on till 8, after which anyone may buy till the closing bell tolls at 9.

THIS week I made my way there. "Go by Métro and get out at the Halles station," I was told. I obeyed, but when I emerged from the bowels of the earth I almost turned tail. Inspired by memories of the transformation scenes that were the climax of Christmas pantomimes when I was small, I had imagined a spectacular fairyland. There were no fairies to be seen in the barrage of market carts and motor lorries parked in the sombre shadow of the St. Eustache Church, but there was a smell of damp earth and foliage that made me take heart. As the crowd pushed me

forwards to a gap between two carts, the bitter scent of autumn flowers grew stronger, I squeezed through the canyon formed by mud-caked wheels, and I found myself in fairyland after all.

So far as one could see over the broad thoroughfare that surrounds the covered food markets, which were still dark and empty, a great carpet of chrysanthemums was spread. A vast army of pots from which the lovely blowzy blossoms reared tousled heads of every colour from the palest lemon to flamboyant orange, delicate fawn to tawny red and grass-widow mauve to episcopate purple.

IT was impossible to remain on one spot. This was the Eve of All Souls' Day, when France visits her dead, bringing flowers to make the graveyards lovely. It was almost eight o'clock, in a few moments all-comers would be served. The crush was great and I was carried onwards. The crowd snaked its way along the narrow lanes that divided one gardener's produce from his neighbour's. It seemed miraculous that not a pot was knocked over, not a blossom broken.

I had the impression of walking for miles before I reached the stalls laden with cut-flowers. Stiff regiments of gladioli, masses of Michaelmas daisies and silver-white marguerites. Later we came to tall banks of carnations, piled baskets of violets, bosky thickets of mimosa. Here the crush was not so great; the flowers that come up from the south are not so hardy as those of the gardens round Paris. But suddenly the selling quickened, good-natured bartering became shriller, and the mounds of colour melted. . . . The dealers were in a hurry to leave, the hose-men were waiting to wash down the gutters before the market carts arrived, lights were beginning to show beyond the railings of the covered market.

ONE great armful of white carnations remained on a stall near where I stood.

As the church clock began to strike nine the dealer swept them up, preparing to drop them in an empty basket. A blossom fell to the damp pavement, avidly it was pounced upon by a girl who, quite obviously, had no money to spend on the flowers she had been gloating over.

The man saw the movement and looked at her. She flushed and held out the flower. . . . "*Mais non, petite,*" he said. For a moment he hesitated, then thrust the whole bunch into her arms. "*Tiens, pour toi!*" he bawled, for now the curfew was ringing, and turned away. . . .

It was *l'heure exquise*!

Sagesse de l'épicerie

● The late diplomat, M. Paul Cambon, once stated that "Solid good sense was the primordial quality that is inherent to Ambassadors . . . and grocers."





PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN

H.M. the Queen held a presentation party at Buckingham Palace recently for the Diplomatic Corps and their wives. Among them were (above) Senora Esther Herrera Quadros, wife of Don Jose Antonio Quadros, the Uruguayan Ambassador. Right: Senora Dona Susana de Villarreal, the Colombian Ambassador in London



Senora Dona Virginia Prestinary de Gallegos, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Costa Rica

Senora Dona Sheila de Palomo, wife of Senor Don Francisco Palomo, the Guatemalan Chargé d'Affaires in London

Dona Maria de Castellanos, wife of Senor Col. Don Jose Arturo Castellanos, the Minister for El Salvador

Book Reviews

by Elizabeth Bowen

ADVENTURE
STORY

"LIVES of great men all remind us . . ." But can it be that the youth of one of our greatest needs re-focusing, for the eyes of present-day youth? So feels, at any rate, John Marsh—who has, accordingly, given us *THE YOUNG WINSTON CHURCHILL* (Evans; 10s. 6d.). This book comes in a series intended for boys—and, I hope, girls. The style and manner, the illustrations, are those of a first-rate adventure story, which has the further merit of being true. And to read makes one sure Mr. Marsh is right: to-day's young people *have* grown up, chiefly, under the towering eminence of the august statesman. It could seem to them that Sir Winston was born grown-up.

Reverence may separate one from its object. And such a separation, one may be sure, is the last thing our greatest man could desire. Therefore, how excellent this eye-opening chronicle! What a discovery, to find that the first twenty-six years of Sir Winston's life exceeded, in sheer physical daring, risk-running, escapades and escapes, chance-taking, effrontery and momentous perils, that of the most spectacular fiction-hero dear to juvenile hearts.

NOR, best of all, was this a model childhood. Miniature cannon bombardments shattered, from time to time, the calm of the Churchill nursery—if indeed calm were ever the word for a room containing that young dynamo! At a Brighton dancing-class, the despairing teacher singled out one small, ginger-headed pupil as being the naughtiest boy in the whole class, and, she inclined to think, in the whole world! And hard work did *not* characterise the schooldays.

The first gleam of genius, one might almost say, appeared in our young man's successful evasion of learning in any official form—that is, during learning's official period. (He caught up with this by intensive, indeed by gargantuan reading later.) Adoring his parents, Lord Randolph's son was miserable at going away to school. And actually, the first establishment to which he was sent turned out to be an expensive Dotheboys Hall. At Harrow his career was to be marked by a succession of fiendish practical jokes, plus a well-nigh fatal experiment with a home-made bomb. Combativeness first found a public outlet when, as a subaltern in the 4th Hussars, he took part in—and to a degree inspired—the "battle of the barricades" in London's then famous Empire music hall.

BUT the major excitements begin, of course, with the wars. The first of these, far away in Cuba (and officially no affair of our country's), the young Winston was at pains to seek. Then came India, and the North-West Frontier campaign of 1897—in order not to miss this, he obtained leave



Houston Rogers

FREDERICK ASHTON is seen here as Kostchei, the Immortal, in *The Firebird*, one of the many excellent photographs in *Gala Performance* (Collins; 42s.), published to-morrow. This magnificent book, edited by Arnold Haskell, Mark Bonham Carter and Michael Wood, is published in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Among its distinguished contributors are Dame Ninette de Valois, Sacheverell Sitwell and Sir Kenneth Clark, while there are colour-plates from the work of John Piper, Oliver Messel and other fine artists



A BOOK OF BADGERS. This drawing is from Eileen A. Soper's *When Badgers Wake* (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 20s.)

from the Hussars to act as war correspondent with the Malakand Field Force. Next, the Sudan—when, keen to play this time a soldier's part, the young man, in face of Kitchener's disapproval, succeeded in getting himself attached to the 21st Lancers, to be rendered glorious by their charge at Omdurman. The 1899 outbreak of the Boer War found him, as soon as was possible, in South Africa: war correspondent, now, for the *Morning Post*.

ADVENTURES in the Boer War are probably better known, but are to lose nothing by their retelling—in the swift and simplified manner of Mr. Marsh. If any boy, girl or, indeed, grown-up can easily put the book down during these chapters, I shall be surprised. Hollywood might itself have no spirit left in face of these crises and these exploits—we have the hand-to-hand battle around the wrecked train, the capture, the escape from Pretoria, the strange days of hiding in the depths of the mine in company with a host of albino rats, the nerve-wracking crossing of the frontier in a freight-train, packed in among bales of wool. . . .

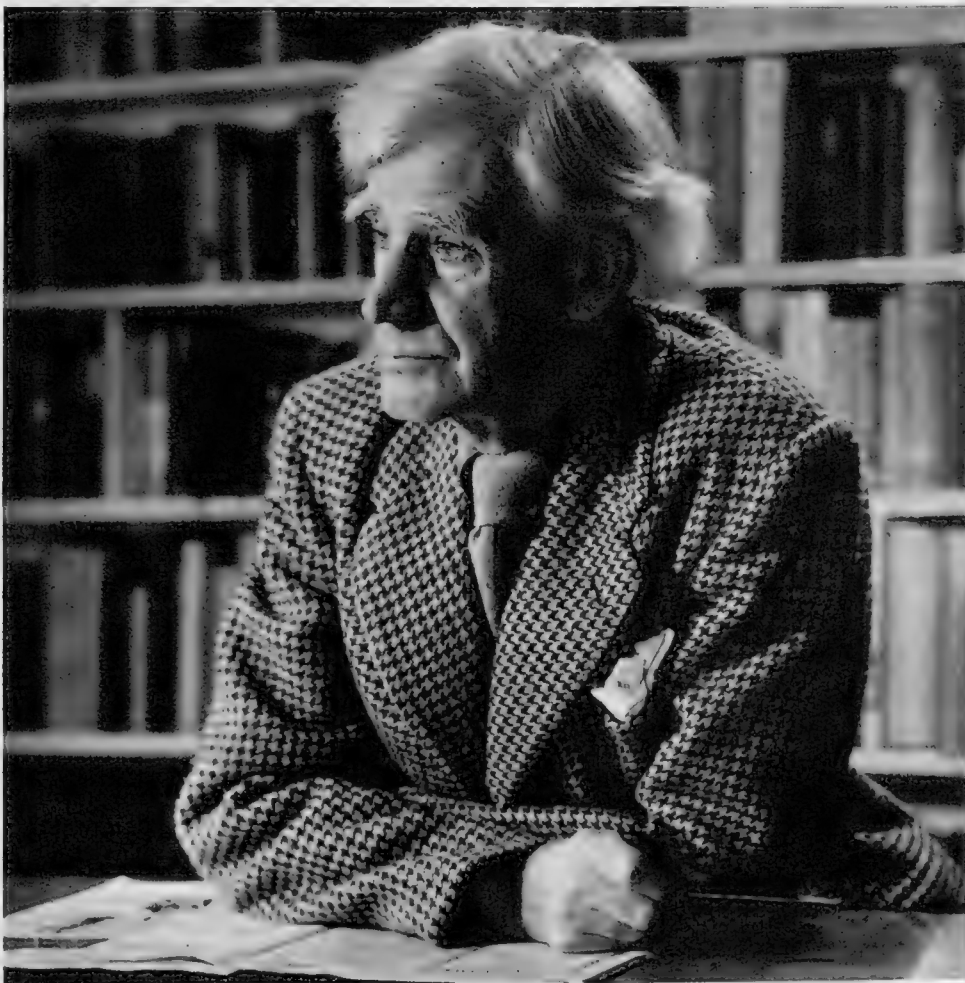
The Young Winston Churchill also sketches the outset of the political career—this, too, with a cheerful boldness about it. Your children who read this book will not themselves remember 1940: we do. Did it not take a superb adventure-lover to inspire us as we were then inspired? Mr. Marsh, in his preliminary note, places on record his debt (as author, that is) to Sir Winston Churchill. "No one," he says, "has told the story of Sir Winston's formative years better than he told it himself, but I felt that many exploits recounted in *My Early Life*—now, alas! out of print—were worthy of greater expansion, and in fact of isolating them from the detail which surrounds them." On these lines, an effective piece of work has been done.

★ ★ ★
NEW POEMS, 1955 (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.) is the fourth of the annual P.E.N. Anthologies. Each time, a different panel of editors has been appointed, in order to make, each year, for wideness of choice. Patric Dickinson, J. C. Hall and Erica Marx are responsible for this present selection of sixty-four poems from the (roughly) 5,000 submitted. Their choice, so far as I know, could not have been bettered: all sixty-four have outstanding poetic quality, and there occur four or five pure gems—which those are, I leave to you to perceive.

This anthology should allay any current fears that lyricism is failing in our day. And this year there has been an innovation: the poems (for a good reason which the editors show) are printed anonymously; the names of authors are given only at the book's end. Some names, you will find, are famous; others may yet be so.



WINSTON GRAHAM was born and educated in Manchester but moved to Cornwall when he was seventeen. He is particularly well known for his three great Cornish novels—*The Forgotten Story*, *Ross Poldark* and *Demelza*. Married, and with two children, he lives at Perranporth. With him in this photograph is Garrick, his Pyrenean mountain dog



Clayton Evans

HOWARD SPRING, seen at his home in Falmouth, was born in Cardiff. This celebrated author and journalist had a new novel, *The Lovers Fled Away*, published by Collins last month, while lovers of the Cornish scene will never forget the haunting beauty of his *There Is No Armour* or the dramatic power of his earlier book *My Son, My Son*





Armstrong Jones

2

1 Mink-coloured lace mounted on a matching satin foundation makes this very simple, very romantic dress by Julian Rose. It comes from Dickins and Jones

2 Susan Small's lovely white jersey dinner dress has a much-gathered bodice and an enormously full skirt—yet it still packs like a dream. At Fenwicks

3 Regency: Robita's dramatically narrow sheath of black lace over white satin has a fan-shaped train of black taffeta. It comes from Fenwicks of Bond St.



The TATLER
and Bystander
NOVEMBER 16, 1955
445

3

*Here are several evening dresses which
are not only beautiful, but come out
of your over-night suitcase as
uncreased as when they went into it*

THE PERFECT DRESS TO TAKE ON A JOURNEY



Mary Black makes this wonderful draped dress of blue and white jersey with an embroidered bodice. It comes from Marshall and Snelgroves' model gown department

SUCH an enormous amount of the very nicest evening occasions are "away events" that most women find it very necessary to have amongst their evening clothes at least one dress that is a wonderful packer. The best fabrics for this are silk jersey or lace—both will come out of the smallest suitcases creaseless and debonair and both make up into the prettiest evening dresses for big or little parties. Here, and on the previous two pages, we show six dresses in these materials that would be right for many different functions

"On Helen's cheek all art of



This very graceful water lily green jersey dress has a long attached stole that can be worn over the head sari-fashion. It is designed and sold by Mercia, of 10 Cavendish Place, W.1



Michel Molinare

A short dinner dress of blue-grey guipure lace mounted on a foundation of paler taffeta. Designed by Roecliff and Chapman, it is sold by Neyman of 19 Berkeley Street, W.1

beauty set and you in Grecian tires are painted new"



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK BY MARIEL DEANS

Just right for the
"all day" date

THERE are many chilly people to whom, at this time of year, the agony of-changing out of the morning's heavy tweeds into afternoon face-cloth or baratheia is only equalled by the horror of changing out of these into evening silks or satins. To them we recommend our this week's choice, an elegant afternoon two-piece that comes from Jenners of Edinburgh. Made of black quilted cotton, it consists of a jacket worn over a short dinner dress. It costs £36 10s., and is as warm as toast—doubly so when the coat is worn over the dress in the afternoons. The dress is shown without the jacket (left). It has a high princess line and the décolletage is trimmed with black satin. Below right is a close-up of the pretty pale blue felt hat trimmed with pink satin ribbon and a diamanté buckle. Price 16 gns., it also is supplied by Jenners

Photographed by Armstrong Jones



Umbrella Weather!

UMBRELLAS in these days are no longer merely useful "gamps" to keep off the rain. They are elegant accessories and, as such, are an important part of the fashion picture. Here we have chosen a variety of types to go with different ensembles

—JEAN CLELAND



Above. An enchanting little Italian folding umbrella, delightfully ornamental as well as efficient. This comes from Liberty's, and costs £4 9s. 6d.

Below. Red umbrella with cover, £3 6s. Changeable handles, red leather, £1 13s. 6d., grey, pearl top, and green, T-top, £2 10s. each. Fortnum & Mason



A beautiful enamel and gold Parrot Head umbrella, one of a selection with antique handles. It costs £10 15s., and can be had from Fortnum & Mason



Above. Three attractive versions of the "Grouchy" umbrella. Open, the "Rainbow," £2 12s. 6d., left, "De Luxe," £4 4s., right, "Grouchy Junior," £3 5s.

Below. These exquisite Italian designs from Liberty's. Silver and bamboo, £11 2s., black and white, £7 4s. 6d., jewelled, £11 6s. 6d.



These two unusual umbrellas are a contrast in black and white. Bird's head, £5 5s., carved Negro head, £6 6s. They are fitted with Fox frames. Woollands

Dennis Smith





"ENGLISH MISS." A youthful hair-style for the fair complexion newly created by Steiner. The hair is combed gently over the ears, brought forward and then high-lighted with "Starmist"



"GRANDE DAME." Another new and elegant hair creation by Steiner of Mayfair, which, very softening to the face, also lends itself to adaptation

Beauty

Short cuts to perfection



WHETHER it is for the races, the dogs or the tables, everyone is grateful for a good "tip."

The same applies to dress and to beauty. A wise woman choosing a new outfit welcomes advice from a fashion expert; likewise when considering how to make the best of her looks, she finds that a helpful suggestion here and there does not come amiss.

Going around as I do, among those who spend their lives finding ways and means to enhance the looks, visiting the famous beauty salons and talking to the high priestesses of beauty culture I glean a number of tips, some of which may be worth passing on. So here then, at random, like tickets drawn for a tombola, are some for you to adopt or discard, according to your fancy.

IF, after a tiring day or a late night, you find that your eyes have a tendency to puffiness underneath, and you want to reduce this quickly before going out to dance and dine, proceed as follows: Take two very thin pieces of cotton-wool and shape them into crescents. Squeeze them out in cold water, sprinkle well with astringent, and put them for a few seconds on two little blocks of ice from the 'fridge. When they are cold, place them under the eyes, smoothing them well down so that they are firmly stretched across the puffy area. Leave for about five minutes, then remove them, pat on a little foundation, and powder lightly over the top.

If your nails are so very dry that they seem to get a slightly grubby look round the tips, get two little sponges (dolls' sponges will do, or you can cut small pieces about the size of an egg from an old sponge), and put one each into two basins of hot soapy water. Dip the fingers into the basins, and while letting them soak for about five minutes, keep digging the nails into the soapy sponges. Follow this with another soaking in warm olive oil. This little treatment has the double action of cleansing and nourishing, and correcting the dryness.

If you want to make your eyelashes look darker and thicker, put a little mascara on a clean brush, and then, half closing the eyes, brush on *top* of the lashes before brushing them up from underneath. To prevent any black getting on to your face, place a little piece of paper tissue just under the eye.

If you want to get a well defined arch to your eyebrows, brush them very lightly with a little mascara, then brush a second time with the merest spot of brilliantine on a clean eyebrow brush. Lastly, comb them straight up, then run the edge of the comb all round the arch to get them smoothly into place.

PERHAPS in the cold weather your cream rouge is a little difficult to apply smoothly. If so, put just the slightest touch of cleansing cream on the tips of the fingers first. You will then find the rouge blends in evenly and quite easily.

If your jaw is too square, and you want to get a more oval look, powder from the chin up to the ears—over and under the jawline—with a darker shade of powder than that used on the rest of the face. See that you blend it into the lighter shade so that there is no dividing line.

If you have a high colour, which tends to increase still more in a hot room, carry a little box of green powder in your bag and lightly dust your cheeks with this. It is very effective for toning down the colour.

If you have frown lines that make you look disagreeable instead of the sweet-tempered person you really are, you can "iron" them out by wearing "Scowlies" each night when you go to bed. Light as a kiss, these nevertheless keep you from frowning, and smooth the lines away. They can be had in little packets from Maria Hornès, 16 Davies Street, W.1.

FOR the furrowed brow, you can wear a "Serena Brow" at night. This is a larger version of the "Scowlies," helps to relax and calm you, and is designed to soothe the contours of the brow. Packets of "Serena Brow" can also be had from Maria Hornès.

If you want to give a glamorous touch to your hair before going out to a party, put a little brilliantine and a few drops of scent into the palm of your hand, draw your comb lightly across this, and then run it through your hair. The curls and waves will set more smoothly into place, there will be a nice sheen, and a faint fragrance as well.

If you have a tiresome little blemish that spoils the smooth surface of your otherwise flawless skin, disguise it by stroking on a wonderful Max Factor preparation called "Erase." This does the disappearing trick most effectively, and with a light dusting of powder on top says "Goodbye to all that."

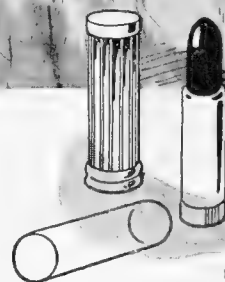
—Jean Cleland

Very Particular Women
are welcoming

HARRIET HUBBARD

Ayer

A very deserved welcome is going out to the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Beauty Preparations which are being seen in good shops again. The creams, in their austere white and black jars, are already gaining an exclusive circle of admirers, and the news is going round about the Ayer Foundation Creams and what they do for one's complexion. But the creams and lotions, superb as they are, are only half the range; visit the nicest beauty counters in your town, and see all the Ayer preparations. If you are very particular about the things you put on your skin —Ayer is for you.



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INTERCHANGEABLE REFILL 6/6

Beautiful Ayer lipsticks can now be bought in unique quick-change, clean-change, gleaming holders. Should your favourite beauty counter not yet stock Ayer preparations, write to Beauty Services Ltd., 93 Piccadilly, London, W.1., and we will tell you the nearest place to get them.

HARRIET HUBBARD

Ayer





Paul Tanqueray

Miss Elizabeth Stannus, niece of Dame Ninette de Valois, and only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. H. Stannus, of Grove Lodge, Manor Avenue, Deal, Kent, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Robert Verity, son of Mr. O. R. Verity, of Johannesburg, and the late Mrs. Verity

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Yevonde

Miss Dinah Hartley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lister Hartley, of Princes Gate, London, S.W.7, is engaged to Mr. John Michael Anthony Hanbury-Williams, only son of Sir John and Lady Hanbury-Williams, of Princes Gate



Norton-Pratt

Miss Sheila Joanna Chrystal, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Alasdair Chrystal, of Frognal, Monkton, Ayrshire, has announced her engagement to Capt. John Morton Haldane, Royal Scots Greys, son of the late Lt.-Col. I. B. Haldane, and the late Mrs. A. E. Martin

Miss Carola Forsteen Bird, elder daughter of the late Mr. G. L. F. Bird and of Mrs. Bird, of Garlands, Westerham, Kent, is engaged to marry Mr. Ivor Basil Ramsden, Welsh Guards, son of the late Lt.-Col. V. B. Ramsden, D.S.O., M.C., and of Mrs. Ramsden, of Coshaston Hall, Pembroke Docks, Wales

Harlib



Franklin

Miss Jill Porteous, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. D. G. Porteous, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Porteous, of Lalathan Lodge, St. Cyrus, Montrose, is engaged to Mr. Donald Maclaren Stuart-Hamilton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Stuart-Hamilton, of The Shooting Greens of Strachan, Kincardineshire, Scotland

Miss Jennifer Mary Kenyon, daughter of Mr. Whitman W. Kenyon, of Ellington, Connecticut, U.S.A., and of Mrs. B. M. Neill, of Hallam Street, London, W.1, is to marry Mr. John Michael Arnold-Wallinger, son of the late Mr. F. Arnold-Wallinger, and of Mrs. Arnold-Wallinger, of Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham

Bassano

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A Petit-point bag is a gift, long to be treasured and this example taken from our Collection is priced at **£35.19.6.**

Also many designs on a black ground.

A delightful combination of paste and sapphire blue stones.

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Bangle	-	6	"
Earclops	-	4½	"
Brooch	-	5½	"

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THEY WERE MARRIED



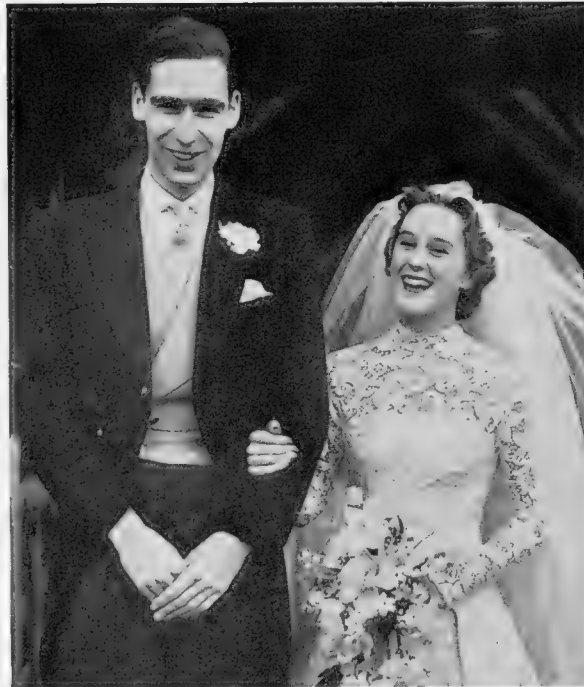
Colman—William-Powlett. Mr. Michael J. Colman, elder son of Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bt., and Lady Colman, of Malshanger, Basingstoke, Hants, married Miss Judith Jean W. William-Powlett, youngest daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Peveril and Lady William-Powlett, of Governor's Lodge, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Tennant—Licos. The Hon. James Grey Tennant, second son of Lord Glenconner, of the Glen, Innerleithen, and of Pamela Lady Glenconner, of Hill Lodge, Hillsleigh Road, London, W.8, married Miss Emily Fawaz Licos, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Licos, of Khartoum, at St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook



Gibbs—Merry. Major Roland Christopher Gibbs, D.S.O., M.C., 60th Rifles, younger son of Major and Mrs. Guy Gibbs, of Park Leaze, Evesham, Cirencester, married Miss Davina Jean Merry, daughter of Lt.-Col. E. J. H. Merry, M.C., and Mrs. Merry, of Lucknam Park, Chippenham, Wilts, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Brodie—Wates. Mr. Colin Alexander Brodie, younger son of Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bt., M.C., of Betchworth Lodge, Betchworth, Surrey, and the late Lady Brodie, married Miss Julia Anne Irene Wates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Wates, of Elmore, Chipstead, Surrey, at St. Margaret's, Chipstead



Dixon-Green—Holley. Mr. Anthony J. Dixon-Green, son of Dr. J. Dixon-Green, M.B.E., and Mrs. Dixon-Green, of Bournemouth, married Miss Angela D. Holley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Holley, of Beacon House, Old Knebworth, Herts, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

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with these lovely accessories



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L'Aimant Talc de Coty.



L'Aimant Bath Salts.

TWISTICK

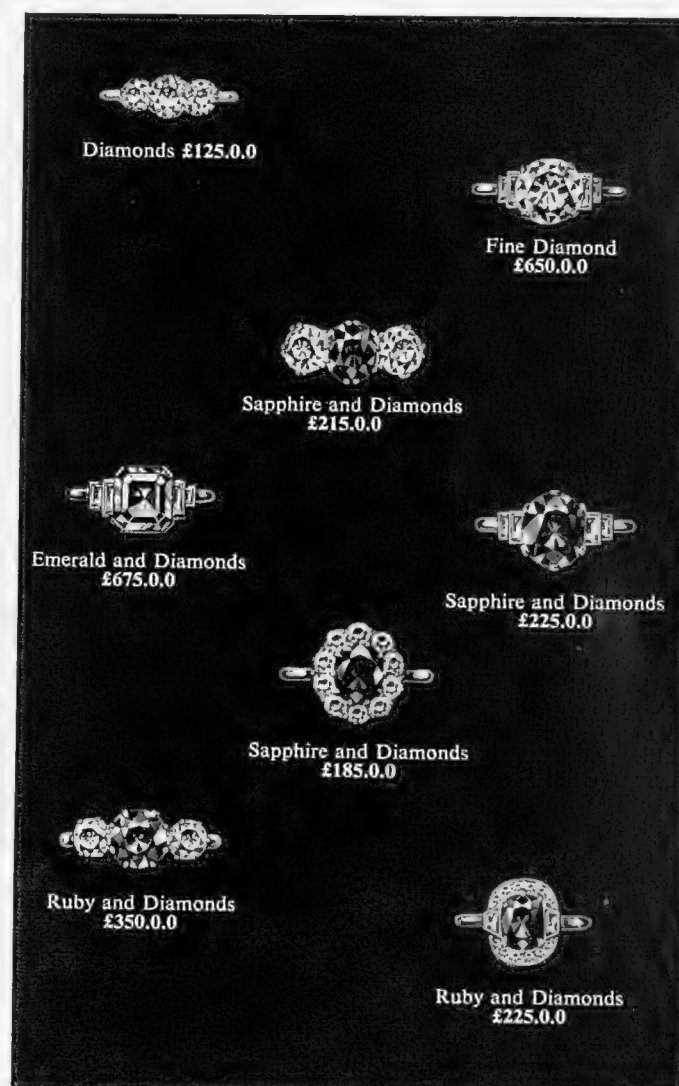
L'Aimant Solid Cologne in the new Twistick. Ideal for your handbag. Non-spill. Non-evaporating. Twists up like a lipstick.

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THE FORMULA 1 CONNAUGHT being driven here by R. Parnell at Oulton Park. In the same car C. A. S. Brooks scored an outright win against the Continental opposition in the Syracuse Grand Prix



Motoring

Oliver Stewart

AN IDIOT PLAN

IT would not be strictly accurate to say that experts are always wrong; but it would be accurate to say that they are never absolutely right. It is part of their job to pretend to a power of absolute assessment that is beyond them. Thus we see the experts who advise the Minister of Transport about road building omitting to take into their considerations that other things are being built besides roads. This is one of the explanations for the great Gatwick *gaffe*; one of the biggest bricks any Ministry has ever dropped.

The official plan, it may be recalled, is to make Gatwick an alternative airport to London. That is to say, the official plan is to select that part of England where rail and road traffic densities are at their highest and where the rate of increase is at its greatest, and there to embark upon works which will greatly increase those densities without making any adequate collateral provision to cope with them! It is, and it always has been, an idiot plan. It is a repetition of the Croydon plan and it will prove an even bigger fiasco. But Ministerial experts are uneducated in motoring and aviation so that they do not know what happened at Croydon.

THE Ministry tells me that the expected increase in road traffic when Gatwick is in operation is two hundred vehicles an hour. I can tell them at once that that is an underestimate. The figure will be nearer five hundred vehicles an hour. Airports daily become more complicated; more dependent upon a continuous flow in and out of road vehicles for their maintenance and servicing. The official figures show that on the London-Brighton road the daily average of mechanically propelled vehicles rose from 7,362 during the busiest prewar year to 11,307 last year. And the rate of increase during the past six months (owing largely to the growth of Crawley New Town) has gone up with a rush. On A.22—which might be an alternative route—the comparable figures are 3,502 and 4,705, and again the rate of increase has soared.

As for the wretched air passengers of the future who have the misfortune to be landed at Gatwick, they will be given an immediate and

vivid demonstration of the inadequacy of British roads and railways. For the railways to this region are likewise overcrowded. It was the duty of the Minister to look upon transport as a continuum and not to undertake the Gatwick plan without simultaneously undertaking a plan for an express motor road between London and Gatwick. Without such a dual plan the consequence of the Minister's action is going to be worse congestion and greater danger on the roads and worse and even more unhealthy overcrowding on the railways. Now, when Government spending ought to be reduced, is the moment to abandon the Gatwick airport scheme and to ensure that any new airports and new towns are co-ordinated with new roads.



The CHRISTMAS Number of The TATLER is now on sale. Lavishly presented, it has many photographs, drawings and striking illustrations in colour, reflecting the seasonal gaiety and festive spirit of Christmas. It may be ordered for 3s. 6d., including postage 3s. 10d

PARIS has been improved by the police prohibition on hooting. In London drivers have never indulged in the purely recreational hooting that used to be popular in France; but they do indulge in another kind of hooting which—in my view—is more objectionable. It is admonitory, didactic and pejorative hooting. In London the motor-car horn is employed extensively to tell some other driver that he is being too slow or that he is making some move of which the hooter disapproves.

The horn is used by London drivers not to give audible warning of approach, but to force advice and criticism upon others. The best known example is concerned with the filtering arrow of traffic lights. The microsecond has been defined as the time interval between the appearance of the green arrow and the sound of the horn from the taxi behind. That sort of hooting is, I think, objectionable. It ruffles tempers and sets the stage for accidents.

Again, when a driver is slowing at corners to an extent beyond that needed for the taking of the corner, in order, for example, to discover the name of the street or to look for a parking place, his action will usually, in London, provoke impatient barking from drivers behind him. Again it is a form of hooting that ought not to be admitted.

We certainly do not want more motoring regulations. We have far too many as it is. But if the existing hooting regulations were abolished and if in their place the simple prohibition of pejorative hooting were ordained, London would become a safer and pleasanter place to drive in, and that would also be true of other large cities in this country.

WHEN the Paris Salon de l'Automobile opened, the first news came through of the new Bugatti racing car. It had been taken out and tried at Entzheim. It now seems clear that the Molsheim company does indeed intend to bring that almost legendary name back into motor racing and to do so, if possible, next year. Nor is that the only good news on the sporting side.

There was the great victory of C. A. S. Brooks in the Syracuse Grand Prix. I regretted that this received so little space in the newspapers. For the Connaught car and all those who have been responsible for it deserve the fullest recognition. They have striven valiantly in the cause of British Grand Prix racing and now at last they have had an outright win against authentic Continental opposition. The race may not have been in the top class, yet it had everything except Mercedes. The victory was thoroughly convincing and thoroughly well deserved.

It strengthens the hope we have all felt that in the Connaught we have a car basically as good as any Continental racing machine—and I include Mercedes. It is to be remembered that Brooks had ranged against him the redoubtable Musso in a Maserati and the enormously experienced and skilful Villorosi, also in a Maserati.

COMMENT about the Royal Automobile Club's London-Brighton run must be postponed to a future date because of the need to examine in greater detail some of the entries. Here all that I can say is that the event seems if anything to gain in popularity year by year, although inevitably we must face a decline in the numbers of "originals."

It is worth making a note now of the following dates: July 14, British Grand Prix at a place yet to be fixed, and September 18, the Tourist Trophy. Silverstone is to be on May 5. The French Grand Prix is down for July 1, the German for July 29 and the Italian for September 2.



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DINING IN

Diversions on the lobster theme

THERE is a story that the Cornish lobster fishermen meet their "opposites" from Brittany in mid-Channel, and swap their catches of crayfish and lobsters. The Cornishmen want lobsters for their customers, whereas the men from France want crayfish (or *langoustes*) for theirs. A fair exchange—the unwanted for the wanted—then takes place.

I like *langoustes* for all those "lobster" dishes where there is a sauce, because they are much easier to handle.

These shellfish are given various names—crayfish, *langoustes*, "spiny lobster," "rock lobster"—but, whatever they are called, they are generally very expensive. Once more, however, "quick-freeze" comes to our aid. We are now getting quick-frozen raw "rock lobster" tails from South Africa. They are not, of course, cheap but they cost much less than one would have to pay for a whole crayfish from our own waters. Prices are round about 7s. 6d. to 8s. a pound.

Grilled, these tails are very flavoursome, but I suggest serving them Newburg style:

Make a *court-bouillon* with a carrot, a sliced small onion, 2 to 3 parsley stalks, a piece of bay leaf, a tiny sprig (or pinch) of thyme, a little freshly milled pepper, a pinch of coarse salt, a teaspoon of wine vinegar and enough water to cover the tails later. Boil this for half an hour, then add the tails.

If they are thawed, those weighing 7 to 8 oz. will require 8 to 9 minutes; if still frozen, cook them for 11 to 12 minutes. Remove the flesh from the shell and cut it across in slices, about one-third inch thick. Simmer them in a little butter, turning them to treat both sides. Add a good glass of sherry or enough to moisten the slices well, then simmer for a few minutes to reduce the liquid. Add enough double cream almost to cover the slices of crayfish. Simmer for a few minutes, taste and season. Finally, beat together an egg yolk and a tablespoon of cream and stir them into the sauce. Remove at once to a heated serving-dish and pass pilaff of rice separately with it.

A good way to stretch "rock lobster" is to cut the cooked shellfish into small collops, turn them in melted butter and use them in place of "ordinary" fish or smoked haddock to make a super kedgerree. By way of change, add a touch—just a touch—of curry-powder.

Another hot dish which these tails will make is my own favourite Lobster Thermidor. Here, however, the flesh in the open end of the shells will have to be wedged well in to prevent the sauce oozing out.

WHEN you buy the crayfish tails (a 6 to 7 oz. one is about right for each serving) ask for the head and bones of a sole and include them in the *court-bouillon*. Cook the tails as before, then remove them and simmer the strained stock until it is reduced to about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. (This should be ample for four tails.)

Melt 1 oz. butter in a small pan and, in it, cook 1 oz. flour for a few minutes without colouring it. Remove from the heat. Work in a good pinch of dry mustard, then stir in a teacup of the stock and 2 tablespoons dry white wine. Return to the heat and simmer, while stirring, until the sauce is cooked and of a nice coating thickness. Season to taste. Add a walnut of butter and a little chopped parsley. If the sauce is a little on the thick side, thin it down with another tablespoon or so of the stock before adding the butter.

Remove the complete tail flesh from the shells and cut it across in $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. slices, but have the one at the wide (open) end $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Spread a little of the sauce in the bottom of each shell and reassemble the pieces in the shells. Spoon more sauce over them and immediately place under the grill to brown.

I have given these hot crayfish dishes, despite the ruling of Henri-Paul Pellaprat in his *Modern Culinary Art*: "The crayfish can also be prepared as the lobster. We will pay attention to the fact that crayfish is better cold than hot, instead that lobster is better when hot." Of crayfish, too, M. Pellaprat has this to say: "Very exquisite fish recommended for dinner where it is apprehended that crayfish is contra-indicated to certain guests." This I take to be: "*Langouste—pas homard*." . . .

—Helen Burke



Ivon de Wynter

GEOFFREY RUSSELL-HAY, O.B.E., director of Overtons restaurants in St. James's Street and Victoria, was during the war on the staff of Generals Alexander and Eisenhower in Algiers, Naples and Rome

DINING OUT

Beside the seaside

ONE advantage of the approach of winter and the probable weather to go with it is that once again you can get out of town for the day at weekends and motor to your destination in peace on uncongested or even unfrequented roads.

What better to go down to Brighton off the main roads and reach it via the Downs and the Devil's Dyke, magnificent in rain and mist, stopping at some village inns on the way, such as the White Hart at Henfield or the Shepherd and Dog at Fulking.

Having survived the rigours of the weather it's twice as satisfying to discover a warm, comfortable, welcoming restaurant serving first-class food with wine to match.

This brings us to Restaurant Mascotte in Preston Street, Brighton, which has built up a considerable reputation for outstanding cuisine. Managed by Col. Swiecicki (pronounced Svenvisky), one time in the Polish Cavalry, with a Polish chef and Polish and English staff, they produce some fine fare in an atmosphere of leisure and comfort.

It is reasonably priced for what you get: Bortsch, 3s. 6d.; Coquille d'Homard au Gratin, 9s. 6d.; Homard Newburg, 14s. 6d.; Faisan Sauté à la Crème, 15s. 6d. and Poule au Pot, 10s. 6d. There are first-class grills and anything else to order.

The wine list is comprehensive, starting with large carafes of Red, White and Rose at 11s. 6d. to some of the best champagne of 1945-47 at 45s.

Lunch 10s. with a wide choice. A la carte only in the evening. Closed on Mondays.

TALKING of travelling to the South Coast for the day, a party of Frenchmen travelled to Scotland recently for a week, with the very worthy intention of visiting the plant of the Drambuie Liqueur Company in Edinburgh and John Haig & Co., at Markinch, Fife.

This interest in whisky and a liqueur with a whisky base may be partly explained by the fact that the party included M. Jules, manager of the largest bar in Cannes, and M. Paul Pacini, proprietor of two bars in Cannes and Juan les Pins called "Whisky à Gogo," which can well be translated as "Whisky Galore."

M. Pacini invented a cocktail consisting of two-thirds Drambuie, one-third whisky, topped up with cream and called it "Mendès-France"; due to that gentleman's keen desire to increase the consumption of milk. However, as Mendès-France is no longer Premier and as the continued popularity of those in power in France is so extremely uncertain, he has now rechristened it "Crème de Drambuie." If you are feeling weak, and don't have to pay for it, mix a really large one. Its power of revival is remarkable.

ANOTHER new arrival is the "Cheddar Roast Room," which the indefatigable T. A. Layton has opened at his premises in Duke Street, Manchester Square. The menu is very original and full of surprises, such as a two-course (slimming) lunch for 7s. 6d.; a two-course (nourishing) lunch for the same price, which includes a *Ratatouille Provençale*, a Provençal dish of many vegetables fried in olive oil with savoury saffron rice added. There is also an "executive special" lunch, four courses for 11s. 6d., and, finally, a five-course lunch called "We dare you" for 21s. 6d., which includes a glass each of Madeira, Muscadet and Château Neuf du Pape. There is, of course, a comprehensive wine list in addition.

The restaurant is open from 12 noon to 3 p.m., the room having been designed to look like a room in your own home and is available for private parties in the evenings.

Muscadet is described in the recently published book *An Alphabet Of Choosing And Serving Wine*, by Raymond Postgate (Herbert Jenkins, 3s. 6d.), as a pleasant but not very distinctive wine from the lower reaches of the Loire, considered by some to have a slightly musky flavour.

This is an extremely useful little book, well produced and in a very convenient size. It is in alphabetical order with a short guide on how it is best used. You can look up almost anything about wine in a matter of seconds, invaluable to the amateur and useful as a refresher or reminder to the more expert.

—I. Bickerstaff



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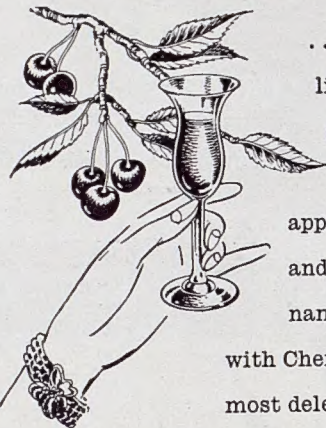
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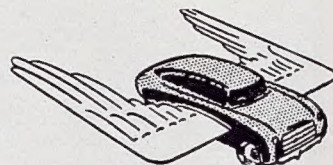
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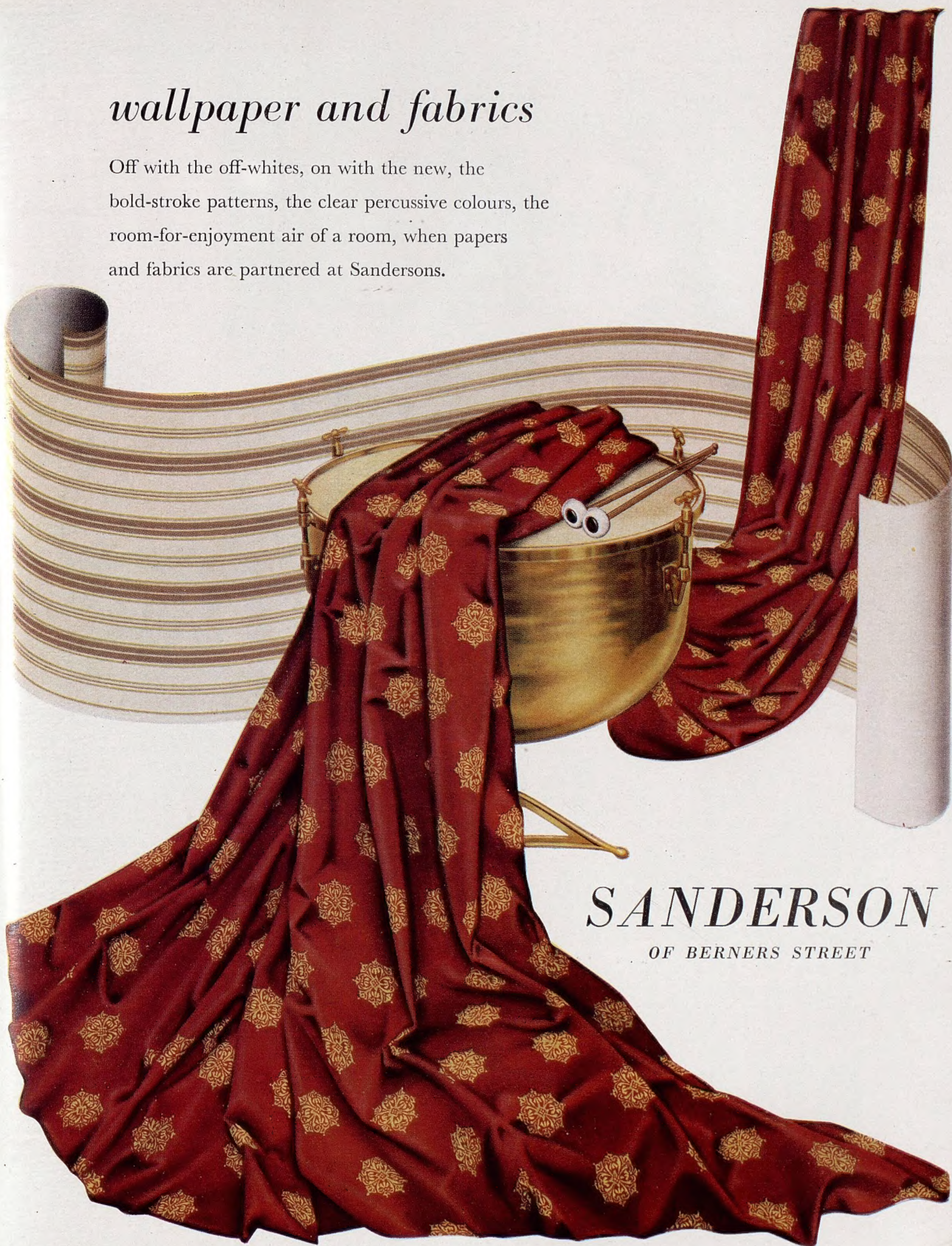
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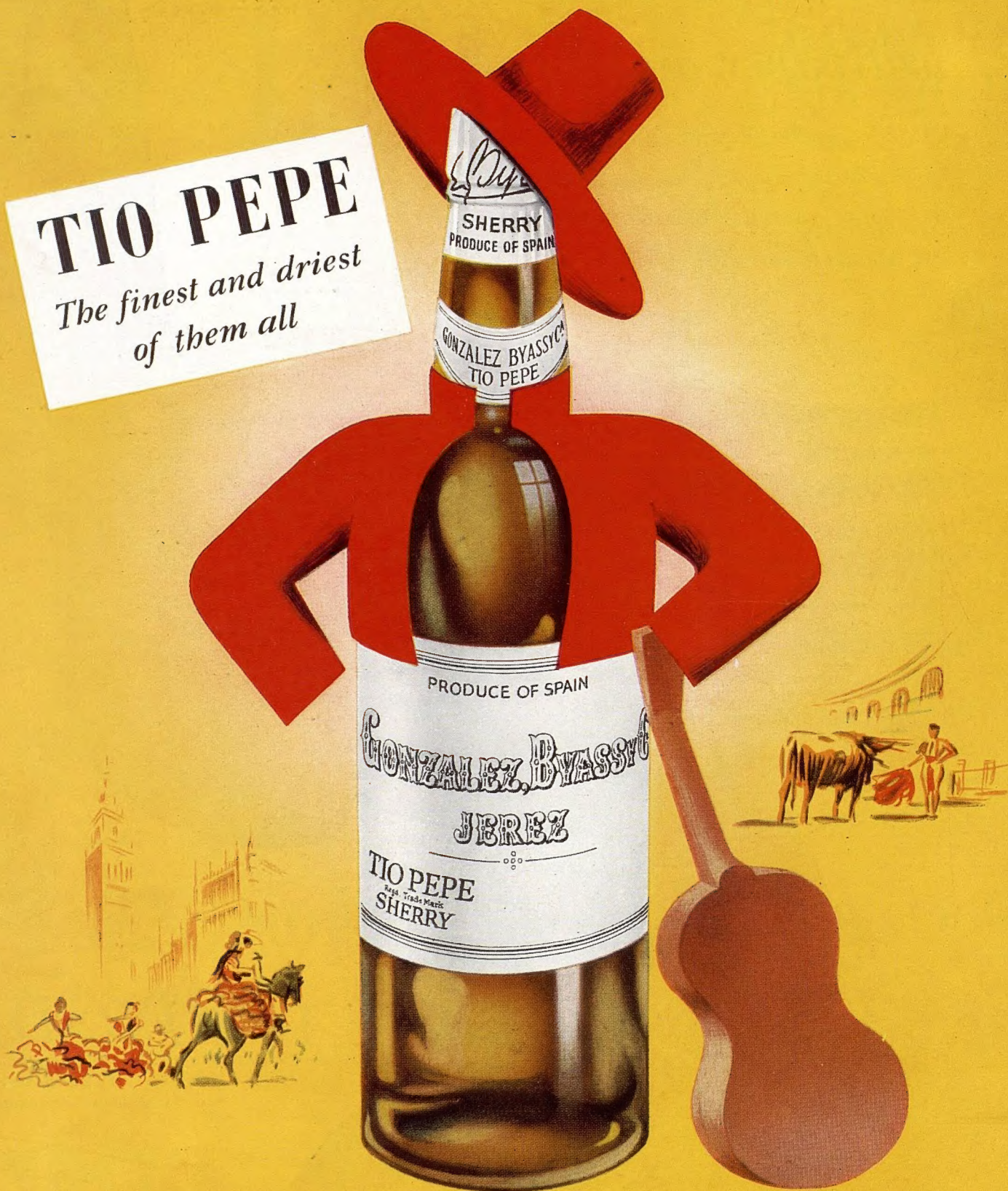
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